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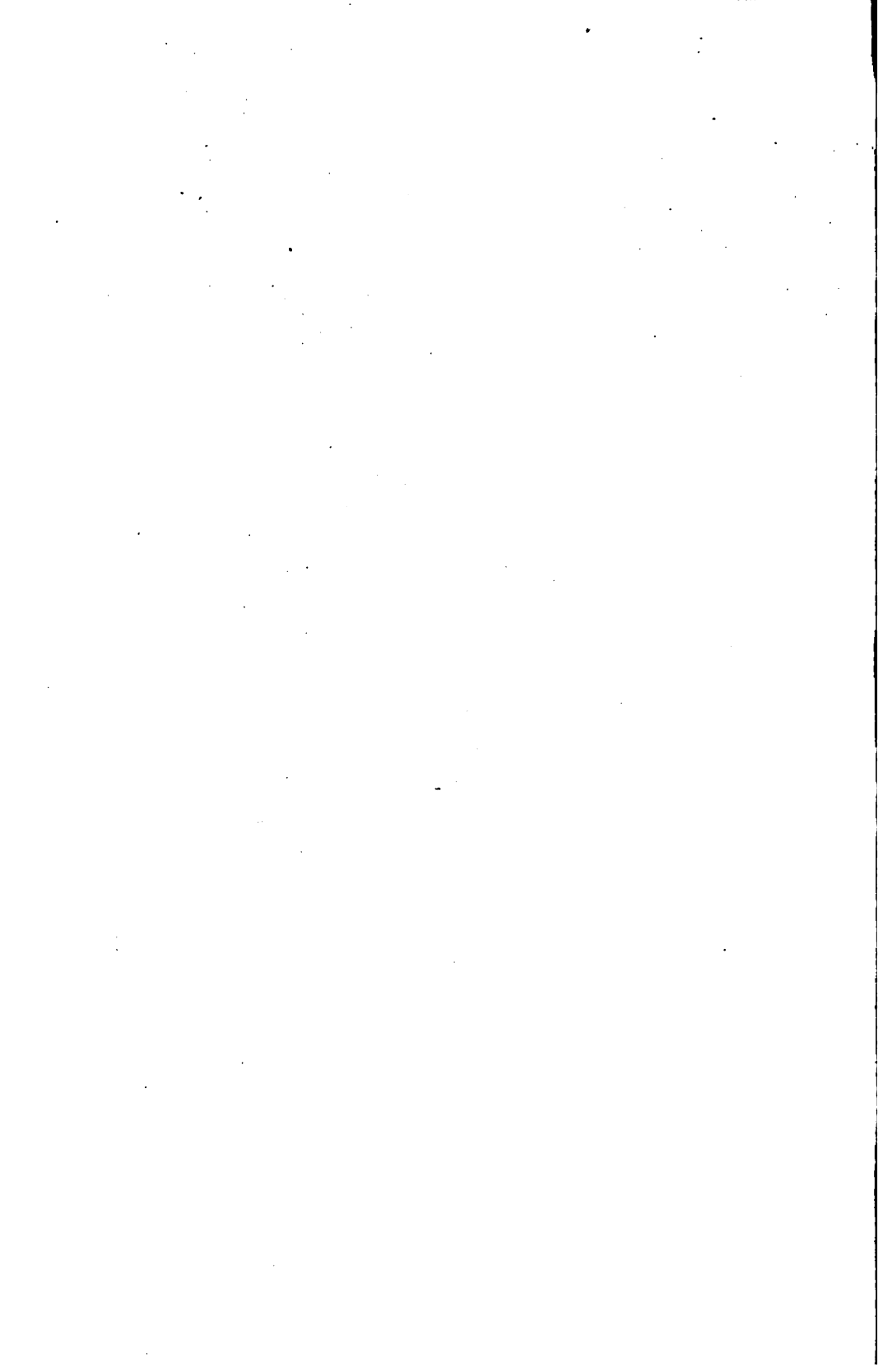
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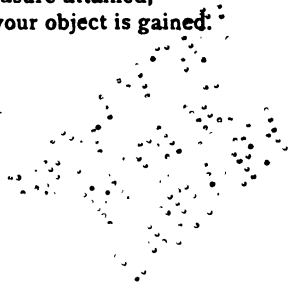


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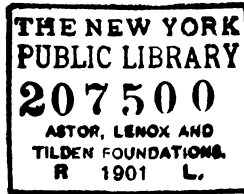
BY

GEO. WILLIAMSON.

Gleanings of leisure hours, chips from life's stream,
Garnered from many a fancy and dream,
If from your presence one small modest ray
Shall comfort the mourner or brighten love's way,
If faith is made stronger or pleasure attained,
Your mission's accomplished, your object is gained.



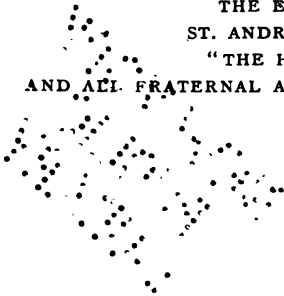
PUBLISHED BY THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
11 JEFFERSON AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.
1894.



DEDICATED

TO THE

ORDER OF RED CROSS AND KNIGHTS OF RED CROSS,
THE HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION OF ILLINOIS,
THE SCOTTISH ASSEMBLY OF CHICAGO,
THE ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN
INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS,
KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES,
THE EASTERN STAR,
ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETIES,
"THE HOME CIRCLE,"
AND ALL FRATERNAL AND PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATIONS.



PREFACE.

THE advent of a new singer, if his notes be true and tuneful, should be hailed with joy as a new voice added to that choir which no man can number, and such I find in George Williamson. He is of the quiet, domestic order of poets, possessing an almost exuberant fancy, a facile versification, and withal a pawky Scottish wit that is sure to please the average reader. His is a pure Castalian rill or fountain of Bandusia, where one may turn for a cool, refreshing draught. Our poet has that ease in versification which can arise only from spontaneity, singing as freely as the birds; and while his notes flow with an easy modulation the variety of his meters relieves his verse of anything like monotony. He has evidently a keen musical sense, which enables him to melodize in perfect harmony. His sentiments are faultless, and there is nothing in the volume but what is kindly, ennobling and wise. Faith in the Divine Providence and an ardent love for his fellow men, form a diapason which rings through his lines, to use his own words, "as some clear silvery bell." Like Abraham Lincoln, he gets near the heart of the people, and is the poet of the masses rather than of the classes. He is easily understood, and has little in common with mysticism which makes such works as Browning's so difficult for the ordinary

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mind to interpret. The poem on "Good and Great" aptly illustrates the author's philosophy of life:—

There is in every heart a void,
That worldly honors cannot fill,
An incompleteness oft allied
To many forms of vice and ill;
We may be great when far from good,
But from pure wisdom's estimate
That has the test of ages stood,
The truly good are always great.

Mr. Williamson is a native of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, a region redolent of song, and has his due share of that ardent patriotism which ever distinguishes the natives of the "land of the mountain and the flood." He has traveled extensively, and filled many important positions as architect, master mechanic and builder. He has always taken an active interest in patriotic and fraternal organizations, has been president of several societies, and for the past ten years has been Supreme Scribe of the Order of Red Cross, which office he now holds.

He is also an honorary member of the Highland Association of Illinois, of the Scottish Assembly of Chicago, and a member of Detroit Lodge, No. 6, Ancient Order of United Workmen.

Mr. Williamson's many friends will be pleased to know that in compliance with their wishes he now publishes in book form his interesting poems.

ROBERT MATHIESON.

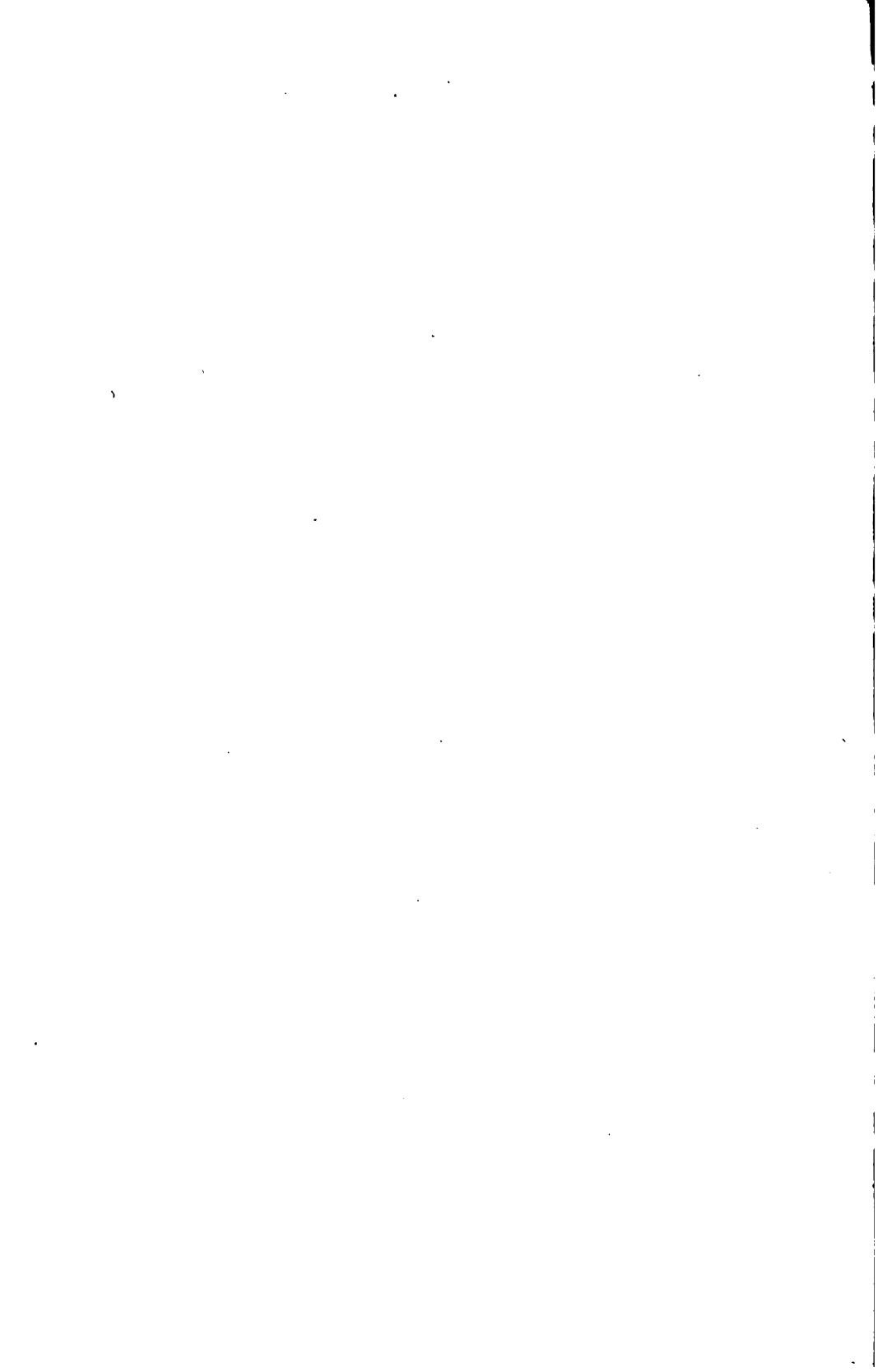
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SONG.

HER beauty's charming to behold,
But oh, so cold!
While I with love's impassioned heat
Could melt the rocks beneath her feet.

Her voice, though like a silvery flute,
Is sweetly mute.
But gently those endearing eyes
Effective speak between her sighs.

Her fragrant breath the flowers reveal
And often steal;
Oh would that I possessed the power
To be as favored as a flower.

Love, beauty, voice and breath combine
To wish her mine,
And warming modest blushes say,
That blessing is not far away.

TO A ROSEBUD.

T LORAL gem of Eden's bower,
Little rosebud, whence thy power
That so silently can start
Love's volcano in my heart?

Gently on my lady's breast,
Posing gracefully at rest,
Daring culprit, did'st thou steal
What thy charms cannot conceal?

Frugally when none were nigh
Hast thou hid her fragrant sigh
'Neath thy petal's safe retreat,
Thus to keep thy perfume sweet?

As thy stem her fingers kissed,
Wert thou gathering the mist
That bedimmed her eyes so pure,
Crystal dewdrops to secure?

Leaving beauty's peerless queen
Fraught with treasures never seen;
In a language never heard
Brought'st thou me one little word?

By thy presence here, I see
Modest smiles, so dear to me,
And this whisper for mine ear —
"Hope! for love is very near."

Timid rosebud, yet once more
Precious secrets I explore;
 There, upon thy blushing tips,
 Lieth nectar from her lips.

Flower so favored and caressed,
Rosebud that her lips have pressed,
 While I take each envied kiss,
 Yield thee all thy mission's bliss.

Welcome messenger, resign
All thy gifts for memory's shrine;
 Harbinger of blessed joy,
 Love's enchanting stream supply.

Beauteous as her form and face,
Charming as my lady's grace,
 Sweetly as her voice can sing,
 In my soul eternal spring.



DOUBT AND HOPE.

IT may be better that we part
Since life can ne'er obtain
The sacred passion of thy heart,
That were a heaven to gain.
Time only maketh love increase,
Our parting more severe —
Destroying fast receding peace,
My bosom shroud with fear.

Yet, dearest one, I gaze upon
Thy beauty as a spell,
And while I know 'twere better so
I dread to say farewell.

Perhaps again the happy hours
Shall nevermore be mine,
That sweet as fragrance to the flowers
Thy presence made divine;
For love seems dormant or forlorn
Within thy snowy breast,
As though the rosy tint of morn
Could not disturb its rest.

Yet e'en its dearth gives secret birth
To hope I may not tell,
Whose brightening ray shall yet delay
That dreaded word farewell.

I dare not think of what may be,
If yet love's gems shall bloom
Within thy bosom's core for me
To banish doubt and gloom.
'Twere almost sacrilege to dream
Of such a state of bliss,
That brighter realms enjoy and deem
Too pure for life in this;

And yet betimes the happy chimes
Of some clear silvery bell,
With glorious cheer sing in my ear —
Hope never says farewell!

Beloved one, let me appeal
To tenderness once more,
That all thy loveliness can feel
When doubts no longer lower.
Thine eyes encourage, and that sigh
The clouds asunder roll;
Now surely heaven itself is nigh
And dawning in my soul.

Oh joyful beam of love's sweet dream
In ecstasy to dwell,
Forever thine, forever mine,
Not Death shall say farewell.

VILLAGE BELLS.

 H chime those bells! their echoes speak
Soft music to my ear;
Oh chime those bells, while down my cheek
Doth roll the welcome tear:
Oh how they tell of days gone by,
Of sports in flowery dells,
Oh how they crowned my youth with joy—
Those merry village bells.

How oft have I, when summer spread
Her banquet's richest fare
Upon the daisies, made my bed
That bloomed so fresh and fair;
Or by yon brook, where every tree
With love's sweet music swells,
To list the sound so dear to me—
Those merry village bells.

Chime yet those bells! Again I feel,
And memory will retain
A charm which tottering age doth steal
And makes me young again.
For I could join the sportive dance,
While round me creep these spells;
Give youth for age, keep up the trance—
Ye fond enchanting bells.

As to the bright and better land
My life shall ebb away,
With loving heart and willing hand,
Their music softly play;
For still they'd charm though I should fly
Where glory ever dwells.
Oh waft my spirit to the sky —
Ye precious village bells.



A DREAM.

N the banks of a beautiful stream
Slept a traveler sad and forlorn,
When a fair one arose in his dream,
Like a spirit of light
Sent to guide him aright
From the night to a bright summer morn.

While the vision was leading the way
With a look so enchantingly sweet,
He reclined in the smile of her ray,
Till his burden of care
Seemed to vanish in air
Or prepare a new snare at her feet.

Thus together they wandered along,
Both enjoying the fulness of bliss,
Without thought of a shadow of wrong,
Till affectionate grown
All unknowing unknown
Love was sown when alone with a kiss.

They arose with a rhapsodic thrill
To a charming and wonderful height,—
Where the fair one stood suddenly still;
And exclaiming, Adieu!
Like an arrow she flew
From his view, ere he knew, out of sight.

Just a moment he looked as though dazed,
Then a veil from his eyes was withdrawn,
As he murmured, Heaven be praised,
Streams may fail to supply
But the sea won't go dry
Nor men die, though they sigh, for hopes gone.

Then aroused from his slumber once more,
With the blessings of earth to esteem,
He exclaimed as he'd ne'er done before :
Men with foolishness teem
When they sigh for life's cream,
Love's extreme is the gleam of a dream.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

A DIEU, sweet babe, farewell to thy dear face,
That beamed so bright with every natural grace,
Perhaps 'twere better now thy troubles o'er
Than if thou'dst lived to view thy sin the more;
For now midst angels in the realms above,
Thou'lt taste the joys of everlasting love;
But here, in this great complicated maze,
Narrow 's the path that leads to virtue's ways.
One single error, if thy heart passed o'er,
Might lead thee into sin forevermore.
Rest, then, in peace! free from a world of strife,
Thy parents' grief commemorates thy life.

HARK THE HERALD.

"Hark! the herald angels sing,"

SANG a maiden in her teens
Midst the Christmas evergreens.
Chiming bells fall on the ear;
Carol singers drawing near:
Glancing at the laurel bush
With a slight, unconscious blush,
Maiden fair, that song for thee
Is the sweetest minstrelsy.
As thy lover comes with haste,
Clasps his hands around thy waist,
Fondly kissing as ye go
Underneath the mistletoe,
Whispering, as he gives a ring —
"Hark! the herald angels sing."

"Glory to the new-born King!"

Sings a mother, sweet and low,
Rocking baby to and fro.
Christ descending from his throne,
To become just like her own,
Fills her with a mystic joy;
While her first-born darling boy
Sleeping peacefully at rest,
Wakes emotions in her breast —
Brings to view her childhood's home,
Where fond memory loves to roam,

Back upon her parent's knee
Chanting Christmas melody,
Till her heart in raptures sing
"Glory to the new-born King!"

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,"

Soldiers of the cross have heard
And repeat each precious word;
Wars within the bosom cease,
Conquered by the Prince of Peace;
Mercy sheds a blissful ray,
Guiding the transgressor's way;
Many weep, but not with grief,
Hallowed music brings relief —
Swells the heart with hope and love,
Leads to happy realms above.
Now, while hope's bright torch shall burn
Let the prodigal return;
Praise these glories of a child —
"Peace on earth and mercy mild!"

"God and sinners reconciled."

Still the heavenly music rolls,
Speaking peace to trembling souls;
Sacred truth and mercy meet
At the great Redeemer's feet.
Blessed, condescending grace!
Jesus takes the sinner's place!

Born to die, that we may be
Robed with his humility;
Bathing feet with bitter tears,
Lo! the Holy One appears !
Reconciling God and man.
As in heaven the song began,
Now on earth with joyful strain —
Sing this Christmas hymn again:

*“Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild —
God and sinners reconciled.”*



SING AT WORK.

GIVE me the man who sings at work
To cheer the weary hours,
And while the hands no duty shirk
The soul's inhaling flowers;
To him the sun is shining bright
As though 'twere always noon—
The music that makes labor light
Is life's most precious boon.

The woman that can lowly sing
Herself a serenade,
Createth light for love to spring,
That would not live in shade.
These happy rivals of the birds
Are jewels set in gold,
That add a charm to God's own words,
And heaven to earth unfold.

The children that so joyful vent
Their happiness in song,
Partake of nature's sacrament
That guards the soul from wrong.
The food of angels, bloom of love
And sanctity of prayer
Are all supplied by hosts above
Who sing eternal there.

Sing sweetly on, though grieved or glad,
It needs no charming voice
To soothe the sorrow of the sad
And make the soul rejoice.
There is a blessedness, unknown
Where evil passions lurk,
That builds contentedly a throne
In all that sing at work.



THE SPIRIT DOVE.

GREAT Comforter, in pity aid
A pilgrim needing rest;
Subdue, with charity displayed,
This torture in my breast.
Behold a suppliant at thy feet,
With true repentant tears,
Is searching for that safe retreat
Where Calvary appears.

Oh blessed love, pure white winged dove,
That flies from pole to pole,
With hallowed light rest thou to-night
Within my troubled soul.

Pass me not by, though poor and weak,
Thy saving help I need
Much more than those who better speak
From laws of church or creed.
Let not a sinner plead in vain,
That knows no other way,
To change a stormy night of pain
To calm and perfect day.

Oh sacred love, pure white winged dove,
That flies from pole to pole,
Rest thou to-night, and with thy light
Illuminate my soul.

Sweet peace, blest messenger divine,
With sanctity inspire,
And make this wayward heart of mine
Expel each wrong desire.
He comes — the raging storm is o'er,
The Savior enters in:
Oh blessed joy! for evermore
He cleanses me from sin.

Now, white winged dove, God's perfect love,
That spreads from pole to pole
Thy happy light, is shining bright
Within my raptured soul.



DO IT AGAIN.

T IRED as a three-year child could be
After a day of sportive toil,
Teresa lay on mamma's knee
As homeward sailing from Belle Isle;
While others touched the child in play,
She cried out, "don't!" as if in pain,
But when they stopped, would quaintly say:
"Do it again!— Do it again!"

Still pleading "don't" whenever teased,
With laughing eyes and winning grace
The little beauty seemed so pleased,
'Twas gladness to behold her face
And watch the lightning change appear
Whenever she desired to feign,
Or still the sweet command to hear:
"Do it again!— Do it again!"

The little darling — unconcealed,
Just said what older girls would do,
If they as truthfully revealed
Their feelings and their thoughts to you.
Then never have a fear to glean
The sweets from lips that may complain,
When saying "don't," they only mean
"Do it again!—Do it again!"

THE WAR OF THE SEASONS.

AN army came from the tropics,
In battle's proud array,
With excessive heat and passion
The enemy to slay.

And, beyond the arctic region,
Arose in powerful might
A host of chilling warriors
As eager for the fight.

The southern army is passing
The equinoctial line,
And the north is fast advancing
To frustrate its design.

The breath of the fiery furnace
Is met with frozen hills,
While the battle fiercely raging
The pulse of nature thrills.

And louder the echoes thunder,
Till all the sleepers 'round
Awaken, with heat perspiring,
Though shivering on the ground.

The conflict so long continued,
And gloom so widely spread,
That a flag of truce is flying
To carry off the dead.

And the monarchs are arranging
To have the combat cease,
Each to the other dictating
The only terms of peace.

The Northern king has a daughter,
The Southern king a son,
And hostilities are ended
By making these two one.

The marriage is consummated
With presents from each king,
And where this pair is located,
The country is called *Spring*.



TO MME. SADI CARNOT.

On the Death of Her Husband, Late President of France.

SHARP spasms through the ocean dart
That strike in every feeling heart
 Deep sympathetic, bitter grief;
And all our holiest thoughts ascend
 To give thy troubled soul relief,
And France—that's lost her dearest friend.

To speak of one you better knew,
But strikes the madman's blow anew:
 Accursed is the coward hand
And all that aided in the plot
 To plunge in woe a smiling land,
And wreck thine own once happy lot.

Oh, Lady, if the seas went dry
Our tears their waters might supply;
 But there is nothing we possess,
Or we would lay it at thy feet,
 To make thy deep affliction less
And smooth the bruised heart's retreat.

With Lincoln, Garfield, Carnot dies
As martyred Presidents that rise
 Beyond the world that gave them birth,
Where greater scope for worth is given,
 Past all the fleeting scenes of earth,
To grace the purer courts of Heaven.

The blissful home at Bethany,
The glorious cross of Calvary,
The history of holy saints,
All goodness, though it overflow,
With never fading color paints
A target for death's sudden blow.

But though thy sun of life be set,
Its golden rays are shining yet;
And never shall the darkest night
Have power his brilliancy to shade,
Whose love illuminates the light
By virtue and by honor made.

Dear Lady, let the world, that shares
Thy anguish, from its fervent prayers
Some comfort to thy bosom give,
And soothe thy sorrow till it cease,
Where grieving can no longer live
Within a loving Savior's peace.



GOOD AND GREAT.

THE hero of a hundred fights,
With decorations on his breast,
Has reached ambition's tottering heights,
And can on well earned laurels rest.
But mark, he is not yet content,
Unconquered foes his thoughts create,
As conscience cries, "Repent, repent,
'Tis better to be good than great."

Philosophers may all be wise
In nature's scientific skill,
Astronomers may search the skies
And measure distances at will;
But there is something dearer far
That love alone can demonstrate,
This light that shines from Bethlehem's star —
'Tis better to be good than great.

The earth with all its fulness may
The transient wants of those supply,
Whose hope's possession for to-day
Of fame or pleasure gold can buy;
But temporal joy can never save
The soul from sin's degrading state;
For all who look beyond the grave,
'Tis better to be good than great.

There is in every heart a void
That worldly honors cannot fill,
An incompleteness oft allied
To many forms of vice and ill;
We may be great when far from good,
But from pure wisdom's estimate
That has the test of ages stood,
The truly good are always great.

Oh, for the peace that Burns could trace
So vivid in the "Cotter's Night."
The simple faith, the holy grace,
The firm resolve to walk upright;
Then come what may, though fortune frown,
It cannot mar our happy fate,
To gain a pure, immortal crown,
Be good, and, on that Rock, be great.



THE THISTLE AND ROSE.

A THISTLE and a lovely rose
Were growing side by side,
Exhibiting in mute repose
Dependency and pride.

From scorching heat, meridian bright,
And every darkening hour,
The thistle seemed to take delight
In sheltering the flower.

When rain exhausted all its store,
His brawny sails were spread
For dew, to gently sprinkle o'er
His sweet companion's bed.

The blushing rose accepted aid
With most bewitching grace,
But thought the thistle well repaid
To see her pretty face.

Such loveliness might well beguile
His thoughts to her alone,
To wish the flower's entrancing smile
For evermore his own.

And time that brought them nearer still
Increased the thistle's bliss,
Till, with the joy of love's pure thrill
They met with mutual kiss.

But ah, the fickle gem beholds
A more attractive fate,
Whom all her hidden power unfolds
To please and fascinate.

A ready hand, with undue haste
The willing captive takes,
Rejoicing in new joys to taste,
Her thistle friend forsakes,

And soon forgets 'neath sunny skies
The one that loved her well,
Till storms remorsefully arise
And break the magic spell.

Till fading charms delighting less
The one that made her roam,
Her thoughts revert to faithfulness;
The thistle at her home.

Then back to the old spot again
The hapless flower returns
And looks, alas! the looks are vain
For what the bosom yearns.

There lowly crouching down alone
Without a single plea,
The thistle had so lofty grown,
The rose he could not see.

But at his feet she made her bed,
And, fainting, feebly cried;
While he unconscious towered his head,
The rose unnoticed, died.

Ah, maidens fair, when honest truth
Your hands and hearts desire,
Do not prefer the gilded youth
That melts in sight of fire.

HOPE.

HOPE, blessed Hope, thou precious, costly gem,
Heaven's greatest gift and earth's bright diadem,
Angelic visions herald forth thy fame,
And holy raptures laud thy sacred name.
Without thee, Faith and Friendship are as dead,
And gloomy doubt o'er every heart is spread:
But where thy presence sanctifies the air,
No longer doubts, or fear, or dark despair,
But blushing Love comes tripping with a bound
And all is joy and happiness around.

FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

THERE'S not in all this world a heart
That can escape from pain,
When forced from some dear friend to part,
We ne'er may meet again;
But oh! how joyful 'tis to know
The separation's o'er,
That when a few short moments go
The footstep's at the door.

Waiting for a sound upon the floor,
One that has oft been heard before,
How impulsive we unroll
All the raptures of the soul
Harkening for a welcome footstep at the door.

The angels in the better land
Are waiting with delight,
To welcome to their golden strand
Some wanderer to-night.
The sweetest music to their ear,
Is sin that we deplore;
For every penitential tear
Make footsteps at their door.

Listening for the prayers that they adore,
Waiving happy greetings to their shore,
All the hosts of heaven rejoice
When they hear the blessed voice
Of the Savior, guiding footsteps to their door.

HUSTLE.

I WOULD not "lay me down and dee,"
Or waste my life in sighing,
To gain the heart so dear to me;
There is no use in dying.
Much rather would I live and dare
With obstacles to tussle,
For e'en the fairest of the fair
Wants man to "git" and hustle.

True men that love, will work the more,
For love makes labor lighter,
And add unto the little store
That makes the future brighter.
Love's pot may boil, but it takes bread
To nourish bone and muscle,
And women who would wisely wed
Will look for men that hustle.

To lounge like dudes the livelong day,
Or all the night be spooning,
And perfumed billets doux display
While bills o'erdue need pruning.
May suit some pale, romantic maid,
Who knows naught of life's bustle,
But wisdom likes the stock-in-trade
That grows with men that hustle.

The horny-handed sons of toil,
To shrines of beauty kneeling,
Have got no time to wear a smile
That's void of truth or feeling.
They do their utmost, though they fail
To furnish silks that rustle:
Life's ocean girls can safely sail
With mariners that hustle.

To hustle — never mind the word,
We know to slang it's leaning,
But all of great Chicago's heard
And understand its meaning.
Men of that stamp their objects win,
While others fuss and fussle,
To fail with one means to begin
Straight for another hustle.



TO MY WIFE.

On the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Our Marriage.

THROUGH the fragrant vale of morn,
We have wandered side by side,
Now in sunshine — now in storm,
Sailing 'gainst the coming tide:
But with hands that feared no toil,
Hearts united firm for aye,
At thy ever cheering smile,
Tides would turn, clouds pass away.

Now upon this Silver dome,
We can retrospect life's scene,
Tracing shadows in our home,
We have wished had never been;
But the trials of the past
May be blessings — who can tell?
God will guide us safe at last,
For He doeth all things well.

On this high meridian hill,
Not alone the past we see —
Calm and tranquil, peaceful, still,
Dawns the future, yet to be;
Varied changes are in view,
For the evening of our life,
But our love remaineth true,
My own sweet — my precious wife.

What though silvery hairs appear?
Monuments of passing time —
They but add from year to year
Charms, to knit my soul to thine:
Thy dear beauty cannot fade;
Every day renews its birth,
And in God's pure gems arrayed,
Thou art Heaven to me on earth.

Come then, darling, and once more
At the altar let us stand,
Happier than in days of yore,
When you gave me first your hand;
Unity of heart and mind,
Love from deep unfathomed wells,
Hope, with faith and bliss combined,
Ring our Silver Wedding Bells.



THE FIRST KISS.

GARDENS of roses, lovely to view,
Visions of sunshine enthroned in blue,
Beautiful landscape and moonlit sea,
Happily, joyously laughing free;

Buoyant the heart with fulfilled desire,
Cheering the soul with poetic fire,
Gems of the rarest sparkle around
Musical fountains on fairy ground,

Statues of marble, silver and gold,
Mountains of jewels and wealth untold,
Streams in abundance as pure as truth,
Keeping the heart in perpetual youth;

These with a thousand treasures divine,
Of the bosom's hope, would all be mine,
If ever the key I could obtain
Opening the gate of this blest domain.

But in vain was every effort made,
Till my precious darling—half afraid—
With a modest blush, and coy surprise,
Let me take that key of paradise.

Now more than a king upon his throne
The greatest joy on the earth I own,
From a little question answered "yes,"
And my charming, loved one's first sweet kiss.

VICTOR AND LENORA.

PART ONE.

OW in the West the setting sun
Beams forth his last bright golden ray,
Gaily, his constant journey run,
He sinks to make elsewhere the day.

Behold yon mansion's stately towers,
That proudly stand the test of time,
Adorned with richest grounds and bowers,
And rarest plants from every clime.

The Baron of this charming home,
Now aged, retires to quiet ease,
No more in court or camp to roam,
A great applauding world to please.

His daughter, last of all his race,
The rest now free from earthly strife,
In sweetest womanhood and grace,
His only joy, his pride, his life.

In her, fair nature's gifts were seen
In richest, brightest, best array,
No cultured art or studied mien
Could half such glorious charms display.

Nor form alone, the charms secure
Enrapturing voice and heaven born smile,
No crystal stream refined more pure
Than her dear heart from every guile.

To soothe distress her happiest lot
The grief of other hearts to share,
And princely hall, or peasant cot
Alike receive her constant care.

Anticipating each desire,
With loving hands and language mild,
Her dearest thought to please her sire —
No marvel that he loved his child.

If in his heart the Baron grieved
To see his child, with kindness fraught
Attend the poor — 'twas unperceived,
Nor word nor look betrayed the thought.

And as he knew her heart of love
Would yield its life to do his will,
Affection would not disapprove
What pride condemned in silence, still

One serious thought his life possessed,
One terror more than tongue can speak,
His watchful eye had seen impressed
A richer bloom upon her cheek,

A greater brilliance in the eye,
A pensive, yet a happier mood,
Sweet smile and soft escaping sigh
Revealed a secret soon construed.

Dreading to lose her, causing fear
That pained him as a venom'd dart —
And that some worthless knight or peer
Had gained his darling Lena's heart.

Yet, oft he thought him of the day
Her gentle mother looked the same,
When he in gorgeous array,
Went forth her bridal hand to claim.

PART TWO.

Near by the castle's postern stood
A cottage, with wild flowers o'errun,
Where dwelt in sacred solitude,
A widowed lady and her son.

There, from the busy world concealed,
Had passed a year of tranquil pain,
Since charging on the battle field,
Husband and father had been slain.

Victor, her noble son, forsook
Life's pleasures to assuage her grief,
For more than joy to him, her look
Of grateful peace and true relief.

His handsome form in humblest dress,
Seemed nobler in his mother's sight
Than all that pomp and power express,
When robed in armor shining bright.

Not long the widow lived retired
Till Lena found the calm retreat,
With purest charity inspired,
To offer aid and solace meet.

The anxious mother was afraid
Such charms would bring her son regret,
Hence, many visits had been made
E'er Victor and Lenora met.

But when the happy meeting came,
As gentle dews from Heaven descend,
Love kindled in each heart a flame
Not even death himself could end.

As time rolled on, love stronger grew,
Though they the Baron's anger fear;
Hope chased away each dismal view,
And made the future bright appear.

And Victor's mother saw and blessed
And hoped and prayed, from day to day,
That He who soothed her own sad breast,
Would chase all obstacles away,

And help her in the hour of need
By giving love at his command,
To aid her son his cause to plead,
And gain the fair Lenora's hand.

The silvery moon proclaims the hour
When lovers' secrets are more sweet,
While Lena hastens to the bower,
The idol of her heart to meet.

Oh, sacred, holy meeting this,
Where virtuous lovers now unite
In purest thought and sweetest kiss,
Nor think of vice to mar delight.

PART THREE.

The banquet hall now beams with light,
And wit and splendor brilliant shine,
While many a courtly lord and knight
Is reveling in sparkling wine.

The feast is o'er, the song is sung,
The toast goes round with boundless glee,
And aged men again are young,
With tales of ancient chivalry.

One favored by the Baron's chair
Spoke out with dignity and grace —
"Come pledge anew — the fairest fair,
Lenora — best of woman's race."

The guests had barely drank the toast,
The shouts of joy had scarcely ceased,
When suddenly toward the host,
As though from some foul fiend released

A knight rushed madly through the door,
Who wild with taunting spirit cried—
"Health to the noble peasant boor
That's won Lenora for his bride."

Like meteors flashing in the skies,
A score of glittering swords were borne,
But brighter flashed the Baron's eyes
With mingled hatred, love and scorn.

"Sir Knight," he cried, in wild alarm,
"This moment prove thy insult true,
Or by the saints! this feeble arm
Will run thy worthless carcass through!"

"Prove thou my words thyself, my lord;
Step to the bower, and thou shalt see
Lenora and a great swineherd .
Exchanging vows of constancy."

"Alas," he sighed, "for her fair fame,"
Then shouting loud, the Baron said—
"My daughter's hand that Knight shall claim
Who brings to me that peasant's head!"

Now for the bride they long had sought;
Each rushed into the open air,
But he who had the tidings brought,
Was first to reach the loving pair.

With gladden'd heart to gain the prize,
He lifts his sword to strike the foe;
Lenora droops and faintly cries —
'Twas she received the erring blow.

The noble Victor sees amazed,
Her dear blood flowing from the wound,
Then turning to the Knight, half crazed,
He dashed him senseless to the ground.

The sword with Lena's blood now dyed,
Would soon have closed the Knight's career,
But some one shouted by his side —
"Touch naught so vile with blood so dear!"

PART FOUR.

An aged minstrel passing by,
Was listening to the wild alarms,
And hearing Lena's painful cry
Had caught her fainting in his arms.

"Touch naught so vile," again he said,
"But help to stop this blood, I pray,
Or never more will this poor maid
Behold thee, or the light of day."

While tears bedimmed the lover's eyes,
He held her in the fragrant air,
And thoughts and words and sobs and sighs,
Bore up to Heaven a fervent prayer.

The minstrel knew his task so well
That Lena sweetly smiled at rest,
And gently moved her lips to tell
The thoughts o'erflowing in her breast.

"My love, my hope, my joy, my light,
Grieve not, dear heart, for this small pain;
The minstrel says the wound is slight,
And we shall never part again."

Victor was kneeling by the maid,
His soul exulting in each word,
But suddenly became dismayed
At woeful sounds approaching heard.

"Wretch!" cried the Baron, rushing in
With hate and pity raging wild,
"Thou dastard knave, weep at thy sin,
And give me back my murdered child."

These bitter words succeeded groans,
As he his direful passion bore;
"Hence, baseborn churl," at last he moans,
"And never tread these precincts more."

"Withhold thy rage," the minstrel cried,
"No dastard knave in him you see,
For he who kneels at Lena's side
Is Red Cross Knight, and lord is he;

"His deeds are not unknown to fame;
His lineage honored as thine own;
E'en thou, thyself, knowest well the name
Of Victor, Earl of Eglinton.

"Here, free from all display of wealth,
To save his loving mother's life,
He sought these peaceful scenes for health,
And won thy daughter for his wife

"With virtuous grace, and love combined,
With honor and with truthfulness;
Now therefore, as their hearts are joined,
Join thou their hands, their lives to bless."

"Audacious minstrel, who art thou
That such a tale of wonder sing?"
The minstrel, boldly speaking now,
Said: "I, Lord Baron, am thy King."

O wondrous change! The voice is known,
And quick all present bend the knee;
"Forgiveness, Sire, let me atone,
And be it as thou dost decree."

The Baron joins the lovers' hands,
And speaks the blessing firm and clear;
The King uncovering, commands:
"Now then, my courtiers, give a cheer."

One shout that made the echoes ring;
One joyful cry from everyone:
"God bless and save our Sovereign King,
And Earl and Countess Eglinton."

LOVE IS NOT SO BLIND.

THE proverb you have often heard
That "Love is blind,"
And to defects the sight is blurred,
Of every kind:
But if this were really so
And men cannot see to sow,
How is it that the pretty girls
Are always first to go ?

There never could in nature's store
A beau be found,
Who did not please the eyes before
The heart would bound:
If the lady's his delight
Before Cupid's closed the sight,
Then 'tis folly to be looking
For a wrong in a right.

But Love is not so very blind
As some believe;
The girls that live just now we find
You can't deceive:
And 'tis libelous to say
That we know more of a play
Than those that are rehearsing the
Old story every day.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

 NCE more the ice cracks in the stifled brook,
How it shrinks at the sound of its enemies' cry;
See the trees are now budding, behold, proud man, look
At the chirruping birds that were nigh wont to die
With the winter's stern breeze,
How they leave the stript trees,
And go cheerfully warbling up to the sky.

Come on, gentle spring, with thy treasures so bright,
Add charms to all nature, make joyous each scene;
The children grow tired of the fire's glaring light,
Inspire their young hearts; with thy soft glowing sheen
Give day for the night,
Oh, banish their fright,
Let their restless limbs find vent on the green.

She comes, the sweet goddess, to open the skies
As pathways of beauty; she calls the wild flowers
That seclusively lie in the valleys to rise
And share in her favors as free as the bowers
That perfume the great,
Where the zephyrs sedate,
In harmony float round the ivy-clad towers.

On the greensward of hope in eternity's dawn,
When the summer is past, and the harvest is near,
When our pillows are laid on the heavenly lawn,
With content for a sigh, and the dew for a tear,
And our spirit shall soar
To the ever green shore,
Then the spring of God's beauty shall welcome appear.

FAREWELL ! may hope shine o'er thy way
And guide thee o'er the foaming spray
Safe to the foreign shore;
And, oh ! returning, may the gales
Be far behind the vessel's sails
And bring thee safe once more.

Farewell, adieu ! 'tis sad to part,
Yet, still this thought within the heart
May ease full many a pain—
That every pang and parting sigh
Will change to happiness and joy
When next we meet again.

MAY.

MAY ! merry month of May,
Dawn of earth's holiday,
Joyfully bring
Faith in thy calendar,
Hope in thy floral car,
Love as our guiding star,
Beautiful spring !

Gem of the passing year,
Quickly, while thou art near,
Fretting takes wing :
When the sun melts the snow
Rivers more cheerful flow,
So doth affection grow
Most in the spring.

Free from the frost and sleet
Free from the summer heat,
Gladly we sing :
Thus when life's winter's o'er,
Happy our souls shall soar,
And love for evermore
Beautiful spring.

LOVE OF MY LIFE.

OVE of my life, my soul could soar
No higher in the realms of bliss
Than when on angel wings it bore
My heart to thine in our first kiss.
Time has but strengthened the chain
Then forged by highest power above
Till now and ever thou'lt remain
Love of my life, Life of my love.

Love of my life, the great desire,
The hope of all my hopes art thou.
No other can create such fire
No other soothe its passion now.
Forever let me call thee mine,
Together let our spirits rove,
Make me as I am ever thine
Love of thy life, Life of thy love.

TO MADAME MICHELENA.

(NEE MISS KATE MADDOCK)

Of the Late Emma Abbott Opera Company.

SWEET singer! that inhaled so long
The fragrance of the Abbott flower,
Whose silvery voice in golden song
Is pregnant with fair Emma's power
Long may thy soul-enrapturing strain
Cheer up the lives of her bereft;
Be this a sovereign balm for pain —
That we have Michelena left.

Thy grace and loveliness alone
Must captivate each cultured mind,
That for a bright ideal would own
A perfect gem of womankind.
But add thy virtuous, winning ways,
The pure expression of thy eyes,
And Truth resolves itself in praise
To herald forth a world's surprise.

• Sing on, sweet lady! let thy voice
Create Hope's temple in the heart,
While memories aroused, rejoice
In thoughts that life nor death can part.
And may to thee such joy be given —
Such love be added to thy fame,
That all the bliss of earth and heaven
Shall wait upon thine honored name.

As stars retiring from their toil
 Make others brighter vigils keep,
God sends bereaved ones blessings, while
 He giveth his beloved sleep.
Thus, mournfully as we bewail
 Dear Emma Abbott's bitter fate —
Her favorite, we gladly hail —
 Our own inspiring, charming Kate!



ODE TO NIGHT.

NAIL! beauteous Night, reflection's happy home,
In thy mellifluent shades how sweet to roam
And view, with silver tinged, the murmuring stream
Warbling its lays to melodize the scene,
While towering o'er the waving willows twine
And humbly bow to list the sound divine.
Who, with imagination's strongest power,
Can half portray thy gentle twilight hour?
What mimic artist, with the Muse's might
Can paint thy every beauty, lovely Night!
Ere yet thy mantle's clothed the hill and plain,
Beneath some shady tree, how oft I've lain
And watched thy first approach; the setting sun,
With rays more beautiful, his labor done,
Like some good Christian, yielding his last breath,
Graceful in life, but glorious in death;
While through the clouds an orb of silver fire
Commands the feathered songsters to retire,
Save thee, thou prima donna of the night,
Thy solo heralding the heart's delight.
Meet home for lovers! where the tender tales
Of future joys the pregnant air inhales,
And with ambrosial dew's refreshing power
Find happy welcome on each parched flower,
While these in turn distil the favors given,
And yield their charms, a perfume sweet to heaven.

Now Night draws nigh, with all her rapturous themes,
To fill the soul with sweet, enchanting dreams;
Now all is still, the lovers are away,
And now the god of silence holdeth sway;
Now is the hour when village gossips tell
Of grimly sprites that haunt the flowery dell,
And fearing these, they all thy charms forsake.
O wake! ye ignorant, awake, awake!
Arouse ye weak! no longer trembling tread:
Why need ye shake with superstitious dread?
Why though the spirits of the illustrious dead
At this dim hour should haunt your flowery glade,
When once ye know with them ye will be laid?
O, lovely Night, thine influence doth creep
O'er all the earth and through the mighty deep;
From thy dark shades thy blessed substance flows,
And rugged nature sinks to sweet repose.
Then all are equal; then the lord or knight,
The monarch crowned, enjoys no more delight
Than those who but the very day before,
Had begged their humble lot from door to door.
Thou faithful monitor that strik'st a chord
In every heart to find a just reward,
Each to its own the conscience they possess;
The bad to punish and the good to bless;
What hour more meet to silently survey
Where'er our wandering steps have gone astray,

Review our lives, and see what we have done
That God should send his own begotten Son
To die for us. O sacred, solemn thought,
At night more clearly to our vision brought,
Here unmolested pray, and soon perceive
'Tis better far to give than to receive.
It pleased Almighty God to give his Son;
In giving thanks, men's happiest moments come,
No time wherein our thoughts can run more free,
For yea "the darkness hideth not from Thee."
His ear will ever hearken to our voice,
Revive our hearts and make our souls rejoice,
And as the night is spent in prayer and praise,
In fair proportion we enjoy our days.
O gracious God, we bow to thy great name;
Thou madest the night, when all should equal reign;
Receive our thanks, and let the fragrant air
Waft up to thee each supplicating prayer;
And ye who've never felt or never seen
Earth's richest treasure, when the moon's pale sheen
Tinges the water with her silvery ray,
When the bright sun has bid adieu to day,
Hie thee alone, to mount, or meadow steal,
And taste night's charming feast, fair wisdom's meal.

THE LILACS.

THE lilacs soon will be in bloom
The lilacs—
Rejoicing earth proclaims good cheer,
When Hope's ambassadors are here—
The lilacs.

The lover knows their secret aid,
The lover—
When fragrant lilacs scent the air,
How soon they silently declare
The lover.

The maiden, beautiful to see,
The maiden—
Still listening to a low refrain,
Loved words with lilacs till they gain
The maiden.

The roses from bright sunshine born
The roses—
Are matrons of the virgin flower,
And they mature the lilacs' power,
The roses.

The lilacs are the soul's delight,
The lilacs—
Awake the tuneful birds to sing,
And gently usher in the Spring,
Sweet lilacs !

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER,
WM. WILLIAMSON.

THOUGH not on me thy dying look impressed,
Not less, my brother, do I feel, than those
Who gently strewed sweet flowers o'er thy breast,
And weeping, laid thee to thy last repose.

In outward forms of grief I may not share,
Nor to the world my sad, sad loss convey,
But all alone my sacred burden bear,
Too great for tears—too solemn for display:

Save that kind Heaven my aching heart may fill
With comfort that no wealth can e'er control,
And I can hold sweet converse with thee still
By the electric current of the soul.

Love bursts the barriers of the silent grave
And makes the spirit captive to its power,
And by an instinct, which God only gave,
I know that thou art with me here this hour.

And every secret thought and act and deed,
With spiritual omniscience thou canst see;
Seize truth from falsehood's all productive seed,
And know and feel my constant love for thee.

Know, that when thou wast born, I eager ran
To clasp thee in affectionate embrace,
And how I've prayed e'er since thy life began,
That God would give thee every christian grace.

From infancy through childhood's happy days,
To manhood's prime, 't was mine thy lot to share,
And to protect and guide thee through life's maze,
More with a parent's than a brother's care.

Though parted from thee in a foreign clime,
Each day renewed the ever pleasant ties
That bound me by peculiar right divine,
As those who tend the plant, the flower most prize.

The passing years brought those to share thy life
Whose brightest hopes are now made dark and drear ;
God bless thine orphaned ones, thy widowed wife—
And all that thou hast loved to Him be dear.

And may they all reflect thy sterling worth—
To them thy noble qualities descend;
For scarcely could there dwell upon the earth,
A better parent, husband, brother, friend.

We know not who may next be summoned hence,
Whose body laid to mingle with the dust;
But this we know in all its solemn sense,
That while the young may die, the aged must.

And in at most a few short fleeting years
We shall be far removed from every pain,
Infinite Love dispels all doubts and fears,
And Faith reveals our future state so plain,

That I can see thee in a better land,
With all the dear ones that have gone before,
Singing glad songs in one exultant band,
To bid thee welcome to that peaceful shore.

And from these visions of the great unknown
That fill my mind, by faith or fancy fed,
And by fond memories to my bosom grown
I know, to me, thou never canst be dead.

Still, I must bid thy loving form adieu;
Remembrance only adds to my great loss;
Hope points triumphant to a better view
And leads me to the foot of Calvary's Cross.

No granite monument—no cultured art,
The simple cross of Christ my sorrow quells,
While at thy shrine I lay, fresh from my heart
For tribute—these—my soul's pure immortelles.

BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN OF WATERLOO.

THINE eyes, love—thy deep pensive eyes—
Are present in all my dreams;
Like stars in the clear cloudless skies,
Or light in the sun's golden beams.
Asleep or awake, thou art near
And guiding my intricate way,
From night ever lonesome and drear,
To cheerful, exuberant day.

For in thy gentle eyes, sincerity lies
Filling the earth with a glad surprise,
Bringing love's holiest visions to view,
Making my soul be submissive and true—
Beautiful Maiden of Waterloo !

The pure gems of thought in thy mind,
Thy womanly beauty and grace,
Are rareties only we find
When angels' perfection we trace.
We met as by chance—and though fate
Decree that we meet not again,
Thy spirit keeps open the gate
Of my heart's dearest hope—to remain.

For in thy piercing eyes true purity lies
Sending its rays from the earth to the skies;
Bringing love's holiest visions to view,
Keeping my soul ever captive to you—
Beautiful Maiden of Waterloo !

THE FLOWERS IN WINTER ARE BEST.

THE primrose and mayflower appear,
When time proudly bears on its wing
That season so prized of the year —
The lovely floescence of Spring.
The heart and the earth give a bound
With beauties adorning their breast;
But lovers and sages have found
That flowers in winter are best.

When flowerets spontaneously rise
And midsummer roses' perfume
Awaken the soul with surprise
To dwell in a glorious bloom:
There seemeth no more to desire
For all of mankind to be blest,
And yet — of profusion we tire;
The flowers in the winter are best.

Rejoicing in autumn's display,
When dahlias and asters so sweet
Are cheering the shortening day,
Regardless of cold or of heat,
While charming, their presence we feel
In colors so gorgeously dressed,
There's something they fail to reveal,
That flowers in the winter are best.

When winter, with mantle of white
 Bedecks the fair earth as a bride,
Oh what gives the heart more delight
 Than bright blooming flowers by our side?
How cheering the plants that we rear,
 With labor that never needs rest,
More precious because of our care —
 The flowers in the winter are best.

Sweet Flora in winter imparts
 The hope that our blessed Savior gave,
To fill with true gladness our hearts,
 Beyond the dark shades of the grave.
As ledgers, dear wife, they disclose
 Where most of our thoughts we invest,
With age larger interest grows:
 Hence, flowers in the winter are best.

Spring, summer and autumn have fled,
 The winter appeareth in sight,
Yet rays of thy purity spread
 Exulting, excelling in light.
Thou'rt sweeter, my darling, to-day,
 Though silvered thy once raven crest,
Than all thy bright youth could display:
 For flowers in the winter are best.

O children of Eden, how dear,
How wisely, how truly ye speak;
That faith must be ever sincere
To gain any object we seek:
That loveliness sanctifies gloom
And consecrates joy as a guest,
But whether for altar or tomb,
The flowers in the winter are best.

WILL YOU, MARY?

HE wanted a small favor, and
Said, "will you, *Mary*, dear?"
The maid, while giving him her hand,
Replied: "Wait till next year;
To marry early, it is said
May swift repentance bring."
He simply gazed and bowed his head
Full of imagining;
Then wiping his perspiring brow
Said, "be it as you say;"
But secretly she wonders now
What makes him call her May.

SCOTIA'S SHORE.

FAREWELL, though leaving Scotia's shore
My thoughts with you remain,
While absent I shall love, and more
When next we meet again.
Each wave that heaves the vessel high,
Each breeze that skims the sea,
Shall fill my breast with many a sigh
For Scotland and for thee.

Farewell! I go where gems abide,
Where gold's without alloy,
Where beams the sun in all his pride
And every scene is joy;
But not the gorgeous glittering strand,
Nor all the wealth I see,
Nor all the beauty of the land
Can win my love from thee!

Farewell, how solemn is that word,
How often feared and spoke,
While ears, with pain, expectant heard,
And hearts have well nigh broke,
But hope our parting thoughts shall cheer
That thou shalt faithful be,
And love that banishes all fear
Shall make me true to thee.

EULALIE.

OLUMBIA bids thee welcome to the Fair,
Direct descendant of the royal pair
Whose aid substantial did Columbus send,
To find for all a refuge and a friend,
A land whose populace with bliss imbued
Give thee and thine eternal gratitude.

In this vast El Dorado of the west
We are most honored in our honored guest;
'Twas meet that Spain should send for such event
Her loveliest gem and brightest ornament,
The best exhibit of all earthly marts
To please the sight and captivate our hearts.

By this one act, this royal flag unfurled,
Thy country's wisdom conquers all the world
With such affection that we rarely find
Resulting from a diplomatic mind.
Not all in Spain could better fill thy place
With brilliant yet with unassuming grace.

We hailed thee first for those that sent thee here,
And still for these alone would'st thou be dear;
But now with heart and voice and open arms
We all adore thee for thine own great charms
And in this nation for thyself so famed
Ten thousand shall Eulalie be named.

Thy name whose vowels musically sound
In future years shall plentiful abound
As bright mementos of these happy days,
Creating songs immortal in thy praise
And all who list their smooth mellifluent strain
Shall love the sweet Eulalie of Spain.

LOVELY BURNETT.

OVELY Burnett, charming maid,
Bright as the golden sun,
Sweet as the flowers that deck the path
Where gentle streamlets run.

Emblem of innocence and truth,
To thee is due all praise;
Beacon of light who shinest here
To guide us through this maze.

Oh were I granted one request
Of bliss almost divine,
I'd gain each virtue, Beauty's queen,
And wish that thou wert mine.

But ah for me, such treasure's rare
Were never given birth;
Enough that I have seen and loved
The sweetest maid on earth.

WELCOMED THE EARL.

The Clans Send Greeting — Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the Auditorium.

Scottish-Americans in Chicago enjoyed an opportunity last evening of welcoming one of the best-known and greatest of their fellow-countrymen. The Earl of Aberdeen, Countess Aberdeen and their daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon. The Countess Aberdeen was preparing to meet friends and could not be presented to the delegation, but the Earl and his daughter, Lady Marjorie, who is a beautiful little miss of about twelve years, were introduced personally to each of the delegation. The members of the delegation who presented the address were A. Gordon Murray, Dr. J. M. Brydon, Dr. J. Harvey Bates, P. D. McGregor, G. S. Whyte, Robert R. Stuart, Peter Grant, James McEdward, Robert Matheson, George Williamson, J. S. Hay, James Grant and Donald A. Smith.—*Chicago Daily News*, Nov. 10, 1891.

LADY MARJORIE.

LIKE the merry sunshine dancing
On the wavelets, when advancing
With a beauty quite entrancing
 Strewing gold beads on the strand:
Lady Marjorie tripped singing,
To her noble parent clinging,
Yet with fairy footsteps springing
 Joyful to the Scottish band.

With a hand-shake each was greeted,
To a smile each one was treated,
While her gentle voice repeated
 Names — made dearer than before.
Like a searchlight o'er the ocean,
Her bright charms revealed emotion,
And created fond devotion
 That will live for evermore.

In such loveliness, each brother
Could discern the charming mother;
And we thought more of each other
 Being honored as we were:
Though our lips could scarce address her,
In our hearts we still caress her,
And in silence breathe, God bless her,
 As the soul's unuttered prayer.

Lady, not as eager lover
Do we rapturously discover
Richest blessings round thee hover,
 That are hid from other eyes:
But we know a sweeter story,
For thy grace reveals a glory
That makes men though aged and hoary
 Feel themselves in paradise.

Noble Earl, no stronger tether
Could unite us all together,
Nor our own beloved heather
 Fill our hearts with greater glee;
When, our wishes comprehending,
With true friendship, beauty blending,
You exclaimed so condescending
 "This is Lady Marjorie."

THE DESPOT.

Dedicated to Robert Gordon Baxter, by His Grandpa.

IN this fair land of liberty
A mighty despot reigns,
That brooks no contradiction from
The lords of his domains;
He's full of whims and fancies, with
A proud, commanding form,
That makes the boldest scatter as
Loose straws before a storm.

He needs no wise advisers, for
He knows more in a day
Than all his serfs in fifty, and
His will they must obey.
He wastes no words in ordering
The subject that he daunts,
For all around are waiting to
Anticipate his wants.

Yet strange, this captious monarch is
Just idolized by all,
And eager eyes are watching to
Obey his slightest call;
And no one would annoy him for
Ten times his weight in gold,
For he's the household treasure and
Our darling two months old.

I AM FAR, LOVE, FROM THEE.

I AM far, love, from thee, I am far on the sea,
And the wave o'er the vessel is dashing,
The lightning dartsover weather and lee,
And the thunder from Heaven is crashing;
Yet still there's a voice that is heard o'er the foam,
An image before me forever doth shine
That fills me with hope and with joy while I roam,
And thou knowest love, thou knowest that the image is thine.

I am far on the sea, yet sweet dreams, love of thee
Still fill me with pleasure wherever I go,
While thoughts of thy constancy skim o'er the sea
And linger in all the mild zephyrs that blow;
And the fond voice resounding from fancy's high dome,
The image before me that ever doth shine
Will still breathe its hope and its joy when at home,
For I know, love, I know that it then will be mine.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thomas Mearns.

WE dread to think that thou art dead;
Our bosoms start with quickening pain
To feel our anxious hopes have fled
And only memories remain.
It seems a dream—a troubled dream—
From which we vainly try to wake,
Or like a constant running stream
Whose currents deepening channels make.

We lay thee in the silent tomb,
And all our solemn task fulfill;
Yet, in the midst of darkening gloom
We feel that thou art with us still;
And all thy noble deeds appear
In panoramical array,
Dimmed only by affection's tear,
We cannot—would not—chase away.

Oh, when you sang "The Heart Bowed Down,"
Was it prophetic of our grief
That nothing but a Savior's crown
Can mitigate, or give relief?
As time rolls on, we miss thee more,
And fain would call thee back to life,
But all our mourning pales before
The sorrow of thy widowed wife.

Almighty! sanctify her woe
And consecrate the orphan's loss —
That it may lead where all should go,
To seek true comfort in the cross;
And keep us in the narrow way
Direct to joys which never end,
There, basking in eternal day
To find the Husband, Father, Friend.

There is bright hope for every one,
Sweet incense permeates the breast
When these fond words we think upon:
"He giveth His beloved rest."
Oh, may that peaceful lot be thine,
And may the light that ever burns
Guide all with unseen power divine,
To meet in Heaven — beloved Mearns!

FRIENDS IN OLD AGE.

Dedicated to Robt. Matheson, Walter Pickens, Dr. Brydon
and George D. Williams.

OUR playmates in childhood are cheering
Reminders of innocent glee,
And schoolmates to all are endearing
Recallers of pastimes so free.
The friends of our youth please the sight, in
The first thing our fancies engage,
But the friends that our hearts most delight in
Are those that we have in old age.

With the summer of life nearly ending,
And winter approaching in gloom,
With thoughts that are frequently blending
The cradle, the altar, the tomb.
Each heart needs a tonic inspiring
The soul to a holier stage,
Which is found to its utmost desiring
In friends, the dear friends of old age.

We've experienced hope in all stages,
Are past all the visions of youth,
Till now, like philosopher sages
We search for, and want but the truth.
Young transient friends are diurnal
That end with life's fast setting sun,
But the friends of old age are eternal,
At death they have only begun.

Now the hope that remains, each dear frater,
Is richer because getting old;
While we know from the world's great Creator,
There are many things better than gold;
Let our remnant of life be adorning
The pathway that others shall wend,
And awake in eternity's morning
Enjoying our oldest best friend.

GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

BRING the golden harvest sheaves
That have kissed the sunset rays,
Till illumined memory weaves
Immortelles of other days;
Treasures registered above
With the thoughts of earth combine
Half a century of love
In a precious garland twine.

Not all bliss the years gone by,
But the conquest ever won
By the soul uplifted high,
Breathing soft, "Thy will be done."
May, with sanctity arrayed,
Still the happy days prolong,
With the melody displayed
In a smoothly flowing song.

From such consecrated soil
Fragrant incense must arise,
That no evil can defile
Or debar from paradise:
Not an army in its might
Can disturb the hope serene,
Nothing mar the heart's delight,
Where such unity hath been.

He that blessed you in the past
From the odoriferous morn
To the silver trumpet's blast,
Shall the golden days adorn
And the diamonds scintillate
Till they fade in holier light,
When ajar the pearly gate
Of eternity's in sight.

Low the branches of the trees
Bend in homage to the ground,
While the foliage, with the breeze
Waft a sweet Æolian sound;
With the buds and blossoms near,
With the harp harmonious strung,
Time shall come and disappear
Keeping you forever young.

Though to mansions fair you soar,
Let your love with us remain,
Make your prayerful lips now pour
In our hearts their welcome strain.
Parents grand and great and true,
Give what none can take away,
Bless us as we honor you—
This, your Golden Wedding Day.

ALMOST.

“ALMOST on time,” he cried with glee,
“I think it nice of fate
To be so very kind to me,
I never have to wait.
‘Almost,’ you see, is just as good
As being prompt on hand;
It makes one better understood
As being something grand.
At church or lodge room, work or play,
I like to be behind,
It makes the people turn and say —
‘How noble, how refined.’”

A would-be lover thus began
To interest a maid,
Who looked with scorn upon the man,
And then indignant said:
“Indeed! — there’s some mistake I fear,
Your views,— but never mind,
We now forever part, right here.”
“Ah! be not so unkind,
To dwell not in thy heart again
Will fill me with despair.”
“Apply your charming theory, then,
For you were ‘almost’ there.”

A KISS.

THERE'S nothing on earth so uncertain,
Producing both torture and bliss,
Than fruit of the garden of Eden,
So rapturously known as a kiss.
'Tis the key of the Bluebeard chamber,
The bright golden apple of Troy,
The sunrise of hope in the faithful,
The sunset of love — and its toy.

It brings either gladness or torture,
Turns wine into water or milk,
Transforming enjoyment to sorrow,
Or cotton to finest of silk.
A mark of esteem and a traitor,
Extending or closing the sight,
A signal of rocks under water,
A haven of purest delight.

A mother's expressive affection
Which others will mimic for aye,
The sting of the bee and its honey,
The midnight of vice and its prey.
The essence of passion effulging
In fragrance excelling the rose,
An elliptical (lip tickle) puzzle,
And paradox hard to disclose.

JUNE.

BLUSHING matron, giving birth
To the precious stars of earth,
Fostering so tenderly
All thy sister's progeny;
While upon thy breast reposes
Love in ambush 'neath the roses.

Orient streaks of warming light
Feast upon the tears of night,
Kissing, with a fond embrace,
Unrobed chastity for grace,
While thy balmy sigh discloses
Health and wealth in morning roses.

Soon the sun will be of age,
And a varied equipage
Rise obedient to command,
Spreading broadcast o'er the land
Wheresoever man disposes,
Here the weeds, and there the roses.

Happy, cheerful, fragrant June,
With thy feathered choir in tune,
Sing to me of halcyon days
That shall never cease to praise
Him whose glorious love transposes
Earth's sharp thorns to Heaven's sweet roses.

• THE FADING YEAR.

ANOTHER year is drawing to a close
And soon will vanish in the sea of time,
While all its deeds of good or ill repose,
Or wake to memory's vivid pantomime.

There is one great incentive to do good,
Not for the passing joy such good may bring,
But that the past, forever present, should
Within the soul a fount of sunshine spring.

Heaven is all love and peace, hell, dire remorse;
That which he labors for, man shall obtain,
And actions truly indicate his course
As wind's located by the moving vane.

We need not search for flowers in seas of ice
Nor look for harvest till the seed is sown;
Nor hope for blessings till we pay the price :
God gives no credit, even to his own.

The great Redeemer, dying on the cross,
Is proof that we must give ere we receive;
But every gift is solid gain, not loss,
And gain proportionate as we believe.

"Whate'er ye would that men should be to you
So be to them !" This all can understand,
And when mankind that sacred path pursue,
God ever helpeth with an outstretched hand.

•
Methinks if we should for the future live,
The past and present would be only joy;
For happy consciousness alone would give
A life worth living — endless peace to die.

When God created Eden's charming bowers
Their subtle fragrance breathed exquisite bliss,
But not the thorns, the everlasting flowers
Were then intended for our happiness.

And why should we reject the precious gems
That blossom yet on every path of life,
Destroying flowers to pluck the slender stems,
Or sifting peace to gather grains of strife?

This world is beautiful, and it is right
To glorify the Maker in His works:
Sackcloth and ashes, turning day to night,
Too oft disclose where masked pretension lurks.

Enjoy God's mercies, for to this great end
We ask His blessing on the things we eat;
And pray that He will ever condescend
To make us satisfied just at His feet.

Look back! Yes it is wisdom to look back
Upon the years that quickly pass away,
And lay our follies on the chastening rack,
To purify us for another day;

But not to mourn as those that have no hope,
Behold a problem of this wondrous earth:
A thread of will power has the strength of rope
When mankind test their own allotted worth.

Wherever our frail bodies live and move,
The breath of God will constantly sustain,
But nothing short of His infinite love,
Can give or make sweet peace with us remain.

We may be only clay, but by the power
Of His almighty presence we are here,
And, trusting to His mercy every hour,
With faith submit the records of the year.



TO P. D. MCGREGOR, ESQ.

Treasurer of the Highland Association of Illinois, on the Death of His Wife.

THE clouds of life have lowered, my friend,
The shades of death have come
In bitterest form that fate could send
To desolate a home.
No words of comfort now can fill
The dear one's vacant chair,
But silent sympathizers will
Thy sad bereavement share.

No earthly power can reconcile,
But Heaven in mercy gave
A flowing well of precious oil
To soothe life's stormy wave;
While memory fills the mourners' urns
With sanctifying grief,
Blest Hope triumphantly returns
With sure and safe relief.

The sweetest flowers are first to fade,
The bliss most prized to end;
Why God recalls the gems he made
We cannot comprehend;
But He that doeth all things well
Can make a present loss
More powerful than tongue can tell,
To keep us near the cross.

And "near the cross" we are secure,
For sorrow's but a name
To One who by a word can cure
The sick, the blind, the lame.
It may be hard to realize
How death can lead to life,
Or how the christian's hope supplies
The loss of home or wife.

Yet so it is — we constant move
As planets round the sun:
The objects of infinite love
And numbered one by one.
Sure as the night departs with day—
So all who seek will find
A balm for woe, when faith's bright ray
Illuminates the mind.

Then cheer, my friend, be not cast down;
Beyond the mystic tomb
The great white throne, the victor's crown,
The flowers eternal bloom,
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold,
The Answerer of prayer,
Your angel wife can now behold;
For Christ himself is there.

CONTENTMENT.

LET us live in sweet contentment,
Struggling not for worthless fame,
But let honest independence
Be our great — our noblest aim;
Without labor, life's a burden,
When our talents we employ,
Every shadow has its sunbeam,
Every sorrow has its joy.

Let us live in sweet contentment,
Nor let envy fill our breast,
Nor let vain, ambitious grandeur
E'er deprive us of our rest.
Blest with treasure, robed in power
E'en the monarch on his throne
Is no happier than the peasant,
With contentment in his home.

Let us live in sweet contentment,
And be cheerful while we may;
Wait not for the coming morrow,
Be our happiest time to-day.
Life is only what we make it,
Bright or cloudy, good or ill;
True to-day and true forever,
What we sow we reap it still.

Let us live in sweet contentment,
All are not endowed with wealth,
They enjoy the best possession,
Who are blest with strength and health.
All have blessings in abundance,
God's great love and God's dear Son,
Happy they who with contentment
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."



LILAC BLOSSOMS.

MIRGIN gems of summer days,
Sentinels of spring,
Heralding melodious lays
Love alone can bring:
Welcome to enraptured sight
Each inspiring plume,
Yielding for our pure delight
Sweetest of perfume.

Lovely lilac blossoms,
In your fragrant shade,
Truth and virtue linger,
Hearths and homes are made.

Happiness forever fills
The palace or the cot,
Where thy floral beauty thrills
With forget-me-not;
Leaves impressions on the heart
Time can ne'er destroy,
Bliss, that only can depart
For eternal joy.

Charming lilac blossoms,
In your tranquil shade,
Hope triumphant reigning
Heaven's foundation's laid.

JULY.

HEALTH-GIVING month, with genial smile,
As water round a fruitful isle,
Encompass life with clearest sky
Bright, warm July.

Long day of sunshine and delight
Bathing in dew of tranquil night,
True pleasure reigns without alloy
In sweet July.

Now strangers meet that do not part,
Till webs are woven round the heart,
Dissolving feelings cold and shy
With love's July.

Here friendship, free from all restraint,
Robs recreation of her plaint,
Establishing an alibi
For care,—July.

How grateful, in the hours of ease,
We hail the foliage of the trees
That shelter as they beautify
Thy charms, July.

So shall God's blessed home of rest
Protect and glorify the blest,
And angels every want supply
In heaven's July.

THE BEGGAR DUKE.

IN a manufacturing city,
Near the busy stock exchange,
Stood a man inspiring pity
In a manner somewhat strange.

As the days and weeks rolled over,
Early with the sun he came,
But from whence, none could discover,
Or his history or name.

There are many will remember
How he stood out all alone
From the new year to December,
Like a statue cut in stone.

Noble in his looks and bearing,
Handsome as a man could be,
Snowwhite beard his age declaring,
But concealed identity.

Not soliciting a living,
Yet as merchants passed that way
Many were from habit, giving
Something to him every day.

All his thanks was simply bowing
With a captivating smile,
Making those when him endowing
Pleased as resting after toil.

Joyfully, and singing gaily,
A young merchant prince passed by,
Whose large contributions daily
Increased the old man's supply.

Till, one day, no longer cheerful,
Passed the young man, looking grave;
Hesitating, doubting, fearful,
Half the usual sum he gave.

From that time, no sign of laughter
Did the princely merchant show,
And his small donations after
Seemed indicative of woe.

Till, no more with sunshine beaming
O'er his handsome, generous face,
He would pass by without seeming
To observe the old man's place.

Soon the beggar saw that sorrow
Dimmed the eye and paled the cheek,
And resolved that on the morrow
He would to the merchant speak.

"Noble sir," he said, "how grieving
'Tis to see thee full of care,
If thy looks are not deceiving
Thy good heart has trouble there."

"I am sorry if revealing
My misfortune gives thee pain;
Dear old man, one troubled feeling
Is that never more again

Can I aid thee, for my losses
Are so many and so great;
Unto all mankind a cross is,
Mine's to lose my large estate."

"True, alas too true thy saying,
Still, the cross may bring a crown,
Often generous thoughts obeying
Will remove Dame Fortune's frown.

"But when bitter grief concealing,
We are helping life to end,
Nothing cheers us like revealing
All our sorrows to a friend.

"I am old, but never weary
Harkening to tales of grief,
And though thine be ne'er so dreary,
Telling it may bring relief.

"Sometimes dark clouds hover o'er us,
Leading to a glorious light,
Well we know not what's before us.
Come unto my home to-night,

"And I'll entertain thee gladly
While my history I tell."
Said the merchant very sadly,
"Good old man, thou meanest well,

"But alas, in thy position
Thou canst nothing say to me
To relieve my sad condition."
Said the old man: "Come and see."

"Be it so, thy cares and sorrow
P'rhaps may make mine own seem small,
Oft from others' woe we borrow
Comfort that sustaineth all."

Soon they reached a dwelling lonely
Where the beggar took his guest,
Who had eyes for nothing, only
A sweet maiden lounged at rest.

Hearing voices, quick she started,
Blushing as a lovely flower,
But her color soon departed
And the merchant's speech lost power.

Gazing like as one demented
Until each exchanged a word,
And the old man half repented
Of his action, when he heard

But a name, by each one uttered
Simultaneous in his ear.
Paul! Selina! faintly muttered,
Not as strangers they appear.

These two words of recognition
Filled the trio with regret.
Spake the maid in deep contrition,
"Father, Paul and I have met

"Many times, but he has never
Asked or my position known,
Nor my name, but constant ever
He has offered me his own."

Gazed the old man, strange and wildly;
"Speak, O Paul," the maiden cried,
Answered he, then, very mildly,
"Sir, oft vainly have I tried

"With my soul's best impulse moving
Me to gain this lady dear,
Her sweet lips confessed to loving,
But refused my suit to hear.

"Turn not angry looks upon her,
Let them rest on me alone,
And if aught there is with honor
I can do, let me atone."

Soon the old man's eyes turned brighter,
Hearkening to the merchant's prayer,
While his heart seemed growing lighter,
Thus he spoke the loving pair:

"Dear my daughter, truly feeling
Falsehood ne'er thy lips can stain,
Tell me then, with naught concealing,
Does thy heart such thoughts contain

"As would thy old sire forsaking
Cling with all thy hope in life
To this lover were he making
Thee his lawful wedded wife?"

"Dear my father, while I truly
Love with all a virgin's heart,
Never shall I be unruly
Nor till death from thee I part."

"Merchant, this affection taught her
Lays a burden on thy head;
Dost thou love a beggar's daughter
As with her to lawful wed,

Or with gold, pure love to measure,
Didst thou want her for a toy
To discard at thine own pleasure
When another gave more joy?"

"Ah, dear sir, such words thou knowest
Do but wrong thy noble mind;
Well 'tis proved, where'er thou goest
Love can ne'er a boundary find,

"But may faithful be abiding
In a vassal to a Queen,
And in hope and heaven confiding
Live in constancy unseen;

"Such a love though born to perish
When it reached a goal divine,
As the hope of heaven I cherish
I would make Selina mine."

"Granted that 'tis love, or rather
Feelings that are counted sweet,
Would'st thou have a wife, whose father
Stood a beggar, in the street?"

"Ah, dear sir, these words remind me
Of my own sad loss and lot,
While this sweet surprise did blind me,
Mine own sorrows were forgot.

"Beggars are as kings comparing
What to me shall soon befall,
And I am not sane when daring
Now to speak of love at all.

"Glad for words that thou hast spoken,
Which arouse me from a spell,
Honor, but with vows unbroken,
Forces me to say farewell.

"Sailing smooth in smiling water,
Prospering in fortune's tide,
All my soul yearned for thy daughter
To become my precious bride."

Waved the old man's hand a flourish,
"Hold!" he cried, then spake he mild,
"He that would a father nourish
Will be faithful to his child.

"How long said'st thou, ere the failing
Of thy business shall be known?"
"In three days," he sighed, bewailing,
"Lose I all I once did own."

"Then if thou desirest ever
My Selina to obtain,
It must be ere that, or never
Shall ye meet on earth again."

“Generous sir, give me that blessing
I shall never fortune miss,
If thy daughter me possessing
Cometh from such cause as this.”

“Good my daughter, as a token
That your happiness is mine, .
Let your vows remain unbroken;
Paul, Selina shall be thine!

“And to prove I trust thee wholly,
Soon ye shall be joined as one,
Actions that are pure and holy
Cannot be too quickly done.

“Here no longer sadly sighing,
But for wedlock quick prepare.
Fortune’s frowns, the world defying,
Each the other’s burdens share.

“Now adieu, from faith we’ll borrow
Thoughts to furnish future bliss,
And the rising sun to-morrow
Shall behold your happiness.”

Glad for once the happy lover
Left his sweet Selina’s side;
Glad the morning sun discover
A delighted groom and bride.

"Now, my children, come, before ye
Yield to pleasure we must toil.
Paul, give ear unto my story
That I promised thee erstwhile.

"Exiled for a tyrant's reason,
Wealth and titles from me torn,
Accusations false of treason,
Honor turned to bitter scorn,

"In a stranger land relying
On the generous of the earth,
While my darling wife lay dying
As she gave Selina birth.

Then for many years we wandered
Till we settled here, at last,
With my large estates all squandered
I would ne'er reveal the past,

"But there came to me quite lately
One dear friend of happy youth,
Recognized and very greatly
Filled me with surprising truth.

"Now the tyrant has been banished
To repent his sins alone,
While with him my foes have vanished,
But restored to me mine own.

"As the Duke of Montefinnit
Know me; and now, Paul, away!
Here is wealth, this very minute
Go and all thou owest pay."

"Sir," the young man cried; but waving
High his hand, the Duke replied,
"Not a word, but time be saving
Quicker to enjoy thy bride."

Soon with happy face returning,
Kneeling to the Duke he came,
Gratitude his bosom burning
For his loving bride and name.

"Rise, dear Paul," the Duke said smiling,
"Said I not to 'come and see,'
Now with love, all care beguiling,
Go to one more dear to thee."

After this, in splendor ever
Lived the Duke, no longer strange,
But henceforth the beggar never
More was seen near the Exchange.

GOOD NIGH'-MORN !

IN the fairy dreamland
Wandering with delight,
Till the lips reluctant
Softly breathe good-night:
Scarce the word is spoken
Till another's born,
Sweetly, smoothly blending
Into "Good Nigh'-Morn."

Like the sun of summer
In the Northern sky,
Thy continuous presence
Permeating joy,
Sleeping or awaken
Life shall still adorn,
Kissing one eternal
Loving Good Nigh'-Morn;

Till the happy future
With thy charms all won,
Shall by constant blending
Weave our souls in one;
Till, no longer fearing,
Doubting or forlorn,
We shall without parting
Whisper, Good Nigh'-Morn.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. I. HASTINGS.

FAREWELL forever, generous hearted friend,
'How sad, how sudden, thy untimely end.
No kindred near to list thy fleeting breath,
No welcome voice to soothe the pangs of death.

The other day, how gladly did we join
In homely circle, singing "Auld Lang Syne,"
Hands grasped in hands, reluctantly to part,
And fond emotions binding heart to heart.

Was this to be the glorious setting sun,
The avant courier of a life near run,
Whose excellence departing must appear
To make our precious memory doubly dear?

Esteemed, admired by all—a foe to none—
'Tis hard to realize that thou art gone.
A void, a want, possesses every mind
In search of something we shall never find.

But, oh! God pity those with nearer ties
Who wait all that remains of him they prize,
And make this storm of life a peaceful calm,
When He shall, with the wound, apply the balm.

And let this thought their sorrowing assuage,
That truest love—life's greatest heritage
To mourning relatives—this tribute sends
From all he loved as Minneapolis friends.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. RUDOLF RUBEN.
Chicago, Ills.

TWO little rosebud's counterparts,
Most beautiful and bright,
As ever filled fond parents' hearts
With pleasure and delight,
Plucked by disease before the hue
Of health their cheeks forsake,
Hidden forever from our view,
Ere sympathies awake.

Brother and Sister, we all feel
And share your sudden woe,
But to the Comforter appeal
For strength to bear the blow;
He only has the pass and sign,
The balm for bosoms riven,
That calls your loved ones home to join
Angelic hosts in heaven.

HOW TO 'ASK.

MORE pie, more cake, I want some more,"
The household pet repeating cried.
The father heard his child of four,
And thus instructively replied:
That's not the way to ask, my dear,
Come, try again to please Papa."
For answer came a bitter tear,
A sob, a shout, "More pie, Mamma."

"Now if you weep and talk like that,
You'll have to leave the table, pet,"
He said, and firmly looking at
The daring one, their eyes had met.
Now more subdued, the little one
Relieved her feelings with a sigh,
And victory over self near won,
Submissive said she: "Pa, more pie."

"Not yet, my dear, just try again."
A pause, then sudden as a ray
Of happy sunshine after rain,
"Oh yes, I know now what to say;
Please Pa," she cried in joyful glee,
"Please Ma," with smiles and laughing eye,
"Will you and Papa please give me
Another piece of cake and pie?"

“Why yes, my darling, and a kiss,
Because just now you asked so sweet.”
The child at night in slumbering bliss,
Please Pa, Please Ma, the words repeat.
Oh parents, think not you alone
Require fond words to give delight,
Before the Heavenly Father’s throne
Those that receive must ask aright.

How often when we kneel in prayer
Petitions are more like demand,
Which failing to obtain a share
Of blessings, we should understand
That God, at least, as much requires
As parents gave this child for task.
For mercy, and for good desires,
Lord, kindly teach us how to ask.



CANADA.

AIR—CALVARY.

HAIL! glorious land of Canada!
For thee we give one grand hurrah!
While echoes ring from shore to shore
Exulting hearts will love thee more.

CHORUS.

Oh, Canada, near and afar
Thou art the pilgrim's guiding star.
Dear Canada! where'er we roam,
Affection clings to thee, our home.

Thy chain of lakes like ocean's breast,
Hath charms to please in storm or rest;
As ring upon the willing bride
They bind true friends on either side.

Thy hills and dales and wealth untold,
In minerals rich more prized than gold,
Invite the world to penetrate
And enter in thy pearly gate.

Thy forest homes and maple trees
Delight the soul in search of ease;
Thy healthy race of men declare
That nature reigns all perfect there.

But dearer far than all we sing,
Or poet's fond imagining,
Thy daughters pure as driven snow,
Constrain our hearts to love thee so.

THE SERENADE.

A CAVALIER one summer night
Beside an open window strayed,
And with guitar, in sweet delight,
Prepared his love to serenade.
Her shadow charmingly was seen,
But horror came the parlor from,
He heard with wild dismay, his queen
Repeating say, "My own dear Tom."

With instrument dashed on the ground,
He boldly, madly rushed inside,
The maid, alarmed, alone he found,
Now where is your "dear Tom," he cried?
"Sir," said the maid, "my hands let loose,
Now go—and tell your mamma, that
I want no lover such a goose,
As to be jealous of a cat."

THE MAIDS OF DETROIT.

 THE maids of Detroit
Are as lovely and bright
As the sun on a midsummer day,
With a life-giving smile
Like the flowers on Belle Isle
And their breath sweet as newly-mown hay.

 Tempting lips that disclose
 Where the lily and rose
Are excelled in their exquisite hue,
 Dainty hands, gentle mien,
 Little feet modest seen
As forget-me-nots bathing in dew.

 Blithe as sprightly young fawns
 When the gray morning dawns,
See them cheerily moving along,
 Every footstep they take
 Is enough to awake
All the rapture of poets to song.

 And at noon, eve or night
 Like bewildering light,
Or as rainbow of promise they cheer,
 While the clear happy eyes
 Take the heart by surprise
And give birth to a friendship sincere.

Theirs a beauty and grace
Of the form and the face
That true lovers are captured at sight,
And young Cupid in arms
Says "the maids have such charms
That they've no use for him in Detroit."

Still he lingers around
For the suitors 'tis found,
And his arrows are constantly hurled
Till an excellent shot
Strikes an unguarded spot
Of the dearest and best in the world.

But the maids of the Straits
Are the pets of the fates,
For as matrons so much they delight,
That a man's blest for life
If he gets for a wife
Just the average maid of Detroit.



LOVERS' QUARRELS.

GREAT essentials of existence,
Little clouds producing rain,
Cultivating from a distance
Choicest plants and richest grain;
What a vast storehouse of treasure,
That compounded interest brings—
Little busy bees — with pleasure
Making honey heal the stings.

What is life without commotion?
Dull, monotonous, and stale:
Ships becalmed upon the ocean
Drift from ports to which they'd sail
Love requires impulsive feeling
To effulge its richest bloom—
Little storms, its depth revealing,
To exhale desired perfume.

Hills and valleys — thorns and roses,
Clouds and sunshine, smiles and tears,
One Creator all disposes
To their own allotted spheres.
Parting makes our meeting dearer,
Sorrow sanctifies love's kiss:
Water filtered sparkles clearer,
True forgiveness sweetens bliss.

Thus do disagreements season,
And declare our true regard;
There is little fear of treason
In the free, outspoken word.
This great truth the sage discovers,
On the mount o'erlooking life:
Those who quarrel most as lovers
Best agree when man and wife.

ONLY LEONE.

NLY Leone! but a pleasant theme
For an artist's brush or a poet's dream,
All that is beautiful take for its throne
Only Leone, Only Leone.

Only Leone in her youthful prime,
As rich ripe fruit of a tropical clime,
Sweet, luscious, and tempting for all to own,
Only Leone, Only Leone.

Only Leone, as a world to me,
Companion in time and eternity,
No other desire possessing alone,
Only Leone, Only Leone.

SANTA CLAUS.

THREE children had one dollar each
To spend for Christmas day,
And met in joint committee to
Consider its outlay.

"I'll buy," said one, "some toys for Babe,
A handkerchief for Ma,
Some building blocks for Brother, and
I don't know what for Pa;
A story book for Sister, and
A lovely scrap book, too,
And all the rest I'll keep till I
Decide just what to do."

Another said: "I'm going to buy
Some trinkets for my hair,
Some cards, a case, some sweet perfume,
And gloves, a pretty pair,
And then I'd like to buy a muff —
And whisper, girls — you know
I want to get a pair of those
We hung up long ago."

The third one said, " with a few cents
I'll buy some mistletoe
And make it into small bouquets
To leave where I shall go,
When visiting poor little girls
That live within our ward,
And as I don't need money now
I'll lend mine to the Lord."

At this the others were amazed,
And looked it with their eyes,
Yet wishing to investigate
They questioned with surprise.

"How can you lend unto the Lord,
By Him alone we live?"
"Yes, but you know we lend to Him
When to the poor we give.

"And as God gave so much to us
On the first Christmas day,
He will be pleased to know that we
Give our good things away.

"And many would be warmed and filled
By even girls and boys,
If more were spent in this good way
And less on sweets and toys."

From infant lips to thought's high throne
Doth wisdom penetrate.
Which of these children do you think
Is best to imitate?

The first one buys for friends, the next
Herself to please and dress,
The third relieves and cheers the poor;
Which gets most happiness?

From sacred writ an answer comes
That "inasmuch as ye
The hungry feed, the weak sustain,
Ye do it unto Me."

Then let us try as this sweet child
To merit the reward
By succoring the needy ones
By lending to the Lord,
On this the great birthday of peace,
The best to Christians given,
On which God's precious love bestows
Inheritance to heaven.

IN MEMORIAM.

F. Wickham and Sisters, on the Death of their Sister Louise.

THROUGH the valley—o'er the river,
To the land of blissful rest,
Jesus calls your loving sister
Home to sleep upon his breast.
Then be not as hopeless mourners,
There is comfort for all grief
When the one that wills the sorrow
Is the same that gives relief.

Freely from His tender bosom
Streams of deep compassion flow,
And his gentle soothing pity
Only prayerful sufferers know.
All the weary, heavy laden,
He upholdeth with his might;
As he chasteneth with the left hand,
He sustaineth with the right.

Now, Louise is with the angels,
Far removed from pain or care,
With the sanctified, rejoicing;
May your thoughts her glory share,
And may God from heaven's high temple,
Send you holy manna down.
Peace while living—grace when dying,
And the saint's immortal crown.

MY OWN DEAR WIFE.

Written for Macfarlane Neilson, Jackson, Mich.

MY own dear wife! as time rolls by,
Each year seems shorter than the last;
And present bliss or future joy
Is only equaled by the past.
The sunshine of thy cheerful heart
Dissolves each iceberg of despair,
Makes winter from my thoughts depart
And brings eternal summer there.

My own dear wife! Let others boast
The vast attractions gold can bring;
The charms of earth that please me most
Are compassed with a little ring.
Afflictions great have served to prove
Affection only gains when tried —
That more to me, thy precious love,
Than all that's in this world beside.

My own dear wife! My better self !
Best treasure thou to mortal given !
Possessor of the only wealth
That opes the pearly gates of heaven.
Again I dedicate to thee
All that can bind my soul to life,
And hail this Anniversary
Of God's great gift to me — my wife.

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

ALGER the general, noble and brave,
Foremost in fight when the battle flags wave,
Fast by his comrade's side
Bravely he would have died
Out in the field his loved country to save.

Alger the governor, upright, sedate,
Statesman and orator, humble though great,
Seeking to suit the hour
Aid from a higher power
True to his Maker, and true to his State.

Alger the lumberman, active in trade,
Faithful and honest a millionaire made,
Himself a toiler then
Would have for workingmen
Value for labor that ought to be paid.

Alger the bountiful, friend to the poor,
List to his words that should ever endure,
"The greatest good we find
Is to relieve mankind."
Oh what great good for himself is secure.

Alger the model, whose excellent worth,
Causeth the Nation to honor his birth,
And make his name be heard
As a dear household word
Filling the highest position on earth.

FAITH.

MY papa says yes, so you see I am right,
Though everyone said I was wrong;
You'll see I shall go to my grandma's to-night
With Dolly, but not to stay long;
For all little girls should go early to bed,
If they want to be good like mamma,
But I must get ready to go where I said,
I'm going to-night. Ain't I, Pa?

In all contradictions 'tis ever the same,
Though many are made but to tease,
She asks of her father the truth to proclaim
And say which is right, "Papa, please."
One word from the parent will settle debate,
Yea, even a look or a kiss
Will reverse all the no's that her playmates state
If she feels that her papa means yes.

From this four-year-old child a lesson we learn,
That all might with earnestness heed:
If childlike to God all disputes we should turn,
What matters our doctrine or creed?
If our Father says yes, let the world say no,
Rely on the Word from above;
Lay hold of the Rock, let the quicksands go,
And strengthen true faith by His love.

EMPRESS OF MY SOUL.

DEAR Empress of my soul,
I fondly turn to thee,
As sunflowers to the sun—
As blossoms to the bee.
Thy beauteous form, thine eye's soft dart,
Createth bliss, makes grief depart.
True as the needle to the pole
Thou art the magnet of my heart
And Empress of my soul—
Loved Empress of my soul.

Bright Empress of my soul,
If love there be on earth
Thou art the purest one
To give to all its birth.
None can resist thy charming grace;
One look upon thy angel face
Will bring all hearts 'neath thy control.
But thou art mine, thy reigning place
Is Empress of my soul—
Sweet Empress of my soul.

IN MEMORIAM.

To W. A. Noble and Family, on the Death of Mrs Noble's Father.

HEN the golden bowl is broken,
And the silver cord is loosed,
When the last farewell is spoken,
Even Hope becomes confused,
Till the Lily of the Valley
And the Rose of Sharon shed,
As our comforter and ally,
Sweetest fragrance o'er the dead.

Though the tree no more may flourish,
And the crystal stream be dry,
When no mortal aid can nourish
Or our smallest want supply;
Then the heart involuntary
Turns to glorious things above,
And the winds that seem contrary,
Waft us to the source of love.

Welcome refuge, never failing,
Anchorage of rest and peace,
In the Ark of safety sailing,
Storms abate and trouble cease.
Jesus, by the calm still waters
And the pastures of thy grace,
'Midst thy consecrated daughters
Give our burdened ones a place.

In our families and meetings,
In our bosoms we shall feel
Sympathetic loving greetings
That mere words cannot reveal.
But how helpless is our grieving,
All that we can do or say,
Is, almighty powers believing,
For your happiness to pray.

Bless our sister and our brother,
Lift their heavy load of care;
Make them solace one another
In the sanctity of prayer.
And though earthly parent never
More shall dry the falling tear,
May the Heavenly One forever
Be their Father near and dear.

TRIFLES.

IF we can to the troubled soul convey
A little balm for pain,
Or for a moment chase some gloom away
We have not lived in vain.
All gentle acts of kindness illustrate
Nobility of mind,
As morning gray and blue sky indicate
A glorious sun behind.

The widow's mite, thank God, is powerful yet
A better love to teach
Than strictest moralists can ever get,
Or parsimony preach.
A drop of water or a crust of bread,
Or soothing comfort given,
When pain or hunger droop the weary head
Are good passports to heaven.

Such little trifles are as overflow
Of rivers, lakes and seas,
Or perfume that escapes where flowers grow
And scent the passing breeze.
The more they yield the more their treasures are;
Hence easily believe
That fruits of charity are better far
To give, than to receive.

But if not so, the thought of doing good
More streams and flowers would raise,
Than wise philosophy has understood;
And God receive the praise,
For all good works ascend the throne of grace,
Though silent be our prayer,
And he who makes the heart delights to trace
His own example there.

When gathering in the harvest of the soil,
Like Boaz, let trifles fall.
The gleaners may not have Ruth's grateful smile,
But One beholdeth all;
And those that freely give, the flock to feed
Of God's anointed Son,
Shall be preserved in every time of need
And hear the blest "Well done !"



THE FIRST LETTER.

NOW the clouds of life are lighter,
All the world is growing brighter
Since I got a charming letter,
From the one I prize so dear;
With its beautiful expressions
That enrich all my possessions,
A beloved name is written
'Neath the words, "your friend sincere."

Magic talisman of gladness,
Banisher of care and sadness,
Pouring incense on the altar,
That is consecrate to thee;
Sing, my soul, in joyful chorus,
Peace and happiness are o'er us,
Now the one so fondly cherished,
Is a friend sincere to me.

Harbinger, my bosom cheering,
Friend in modest grace appearing,
Hope's safe anchor, I salute thee,
Eldorado of desire!
Friend to share my true devotion,
Friend to change life's troubled ocean
To a sea of blest emotion,
That thy purity inspire.

Sunbeams dance in merry radiance,
Flowers burst forth with bloom and fragrance,
Rolling waters warble music,
That those precious words impart,
Bless, kind heaven, our sweet communion,
Ratify the sacred union,
Friends, true friends, forever bind us,
Thought to thought, and heart to heart.



HERRING.

PAT MURPHY was a weaver, and
As good as any in the land,
Who traveling the country o'er
To earn his board and something more,
Had just got work from Mickey Queer;
His board, and eight pounds ten a year.
So casting anchor he began
To prove himself a first-class man.
From early morn till late at night,
His shuttle went from left to right;
But Pat had one unchanging creed—
The *board* should regulate its speed.
'Twas Lent, and herring salt and dry,
His master's table did supply.
Pat liked the fish, but felt quite blue
To see the herring cut in two,
His shuttle seemed to say, despairing:
"Half-a-her-ring-half-a-her-ring."
His master noting this, took care
That Pat should have a better share.
The fish were served out whole next day,
Which changed the shuttle's speed to say:
(Rejoicing at his better faring)
"Herring, herring, herring, herring."
Now his employer was not slow
To learn what made the shuttle go,
Next day Pat got a half one more,
Which made an increase as before,

The shuttle *flying* seemed to laugh:
 "A herring and a half, half, half,
 A herring and a half"—From that
 No victuals were too good for Pat.
 His master sent him to the town
 Delivering goods to Brown & Brown,
 Who looking at the cloth, had seen
 Two holes where holes should not have been.
 "We must," said they, "a lesson teach,
 And charge for these a sixpence each."
 "Musha!" cries Pat, "Sure you don't say
 For *little* holes like those we'd pay."
 "Why yes!" says Brown, and looking wise,
 "We charge for *numbers*, not for size."
 "For numbers is it? Then look here;
 Let me examine them for Queer;
 Why, jintlemen, upon my life,
 These holes are close as man and wife,
 And would you charge"—"Yes, yes," says Brown
 With flushing face and angry frown,
 While quick as lightning, bent on fun,
 Pat tore the two holes into one.
 "Now 'By the Hill o' Howth,'" says he,
 "I've saved one sixpence, d'ye see."
 Then tramping home, in secret joy
 He muttered this soliloquy:
 "Och! When ould Mickey hears my tale,
 I'll get *two* herring ivery male."

BECAUSE.

HE stars were shining bright and clear;
As stars quite frequent do,
About the harvest time of year
When lovers love to woo.
The maiden hearkened as he plead
His suit without a pause,
And answering his question, said:
“ Oh, no,—not now—because.—”

“ Because for what, do tell me why,
I know that I am poor,
But then, my darling, I would try
To make you happy, sure.”
“ Oh, no, it is not that, I mean,
I see no faults or flaws:”
“ Then tell me what it is, my queen.”
“ Because, oh just—because.”

The youth went home that night to sleep,
That is to stretch in bed
And ponder o'er the subject deep
Why Jenny would not wed:
“ I have it now,” he cried with glee
And self-bestowed applause;
“ Next time I ask sweet Jennie, she
Will have me, just—because.

Soon afterward the maiden heard
Her mother with surprise
Say, "Jenny darling, how absurd
Your conduct's in my eyes.
John's uncle's willed him all he had
Without another clause,
And if you're not entirely bad,
You'll marry him—because.—"

John, hearing not of sudden wealth,
Had bought a plain gold ring
And slipped it on the girl with stealth
As happy as a king:
"There now," he cried, "I claim my bride
In spite of fate or laws."
The maiden blushing by his side,
Said not a word,—because.—

They're married now, he thinks he gained
The maid by being bold;
Dame rumor says 'twas all explained
By what her mother told:
But both are pleased, so we conclude,
No matter what the cause,
To watch them longer would be rude
Because,—well just—because.

WHAT ARE YOU NOW?

“ONCE I had wealth abundantly,
Was rich in gold and land;
And servants robed in livery
Awaited my command.
Ah! life was bright and beautiful,
No sorrow furred my brow—”
But halt, a voice says sneeringly,
Pray tell us what you’re now!

For you must know, where’er you go,
Tis all the same I vow,
The world don’t care what once you were,
But just what are you now?

“My youth was passed in poverty;
So little was my store,
That oft with all its misery
The wolf was at the door.
Then fortune smiling plentiful
My manhood did endow,”
Ah, well,” this time approvingly,
“Consider what you’re now.”

Full well you know where’er you go
The people smile and bow,
For all your ways there’s naught but praise
To be what you are now.

Some have been poor and made quite rich,
And some quite rich turn poor,
Some always stumble in the ditch
That others pass secure.
It little matters what we've seen,
Or what we may, somehow
The all-important question is
What are you now, just now.

Then this I say, whatever may
Blind fortune disallow,
Your head keep high, make others sigh
To find out what you're now.

Though some that once were happy, may
Bewail their present state,
While others that were wretched once
May now be rich and great:
Upon life's ocean let good deeds
Direct the vessel's prow,
To where contentment reigns supreme
And all be happy now.

To strong and weak, let conscience speak,
And all its claims allow,
Then rich and poor, you may be sure,
Will all be happy now.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SIGH no more drearily,
Trembling with fear,
Joyously, cheerily,
Faithful, sincere;
As to a loving bride
Look at life's brightest side,
Hope in the great untried—
Happy new year!

If fortune spitefully
Check our career,
Courage will rightfully,
Gracefully veer
Round to a smoother course,
Energy will endorse
With all thy aid and force
Happy new year!

Bountiful charity
Shining so clear,
Brings to a parity
Every one here,
Praised be His holy name,
God loveth each the same,
And would have all exclaim
Happy new year!

Starboard watch, steadily
Onwardly steer,
Larboard watch, readily
On deck appear:
So shall life's vessel move,
Watched by infinite love,
Bringing thy treasure-trove,
Happy new year!

As the heart youthfully
Hopes for good cheer,
Heaven will truthfully
Dry sorrow's tear.
Blessings so freely thrown,
Waiting for all to own,
Herald the loved unknown—
Happy new year!

Gratefully, thankfully,
Promises hear,
Trustfully, tranquilly,
God's words revere:
"With you I am alway,"
Near thee, Lord, make us stay
And to thy creatures say:
Happy new year!

MOTHER.

MOTHER, farewell! Though we must ever part,
Your love the same, will always fill my heart,
As when a child I fondled on your knee,
Or when life's steps, in youth's simplicity
Were guided sweet by thee. Oh, where art thou?
I cannot hear thy prayers around me now;
Listless to me the grief that others moan;
My light, my life, my joy from earth has flown.
Oh, with what rapture would my soul rejoice
To hear thy blessing and thy warning voice
In unity again. But thou art dead!
The life blood from thy loving heart has fled.
In vain I look; in vain I list to hear
The music of thy voice, the accents clear
That but so late, so sweetly warbled round
In harmony divine, their blissful sound.
Mother, my loss how faintly words express;
My heart is like a barren wilderness
O'er which the sun refuses more to shine;
Yet, all its thoughts are sacred, they are thine.
At morn, and noon, and night will fancy paint
The blessed image of my mother saint.
At morn, I see thee in the rosy sky,
And in the lark that soars the heavens high:
I see thee mirrored when the orb of day
Sheds light and heat with one refulgent ray.

And when the dewdrops spangle on the flowers,
And when the moon displays her potent powers,
And in my dreams at night, thy form I see—
For all that's sweet on earth resembles thee.

PRAYER AT SEA.

GREAT King of Heaven, be thou our guide,
While o'er the deep blue sea we ride;
Howe'er the breeze inconstant veer,
Thy guiding hand our vessel steer.
Fill with bright hope each fearing heart,
And let thy spirit soft impart
That thou supreme o'er all doth reign,
That thou art everywhere the same,
In climes where mortals seldom roam
As in the blissful shades of home.
Protect us, Lord, while now we rove,
And haste us back to all we love.

TO MISS OCTA E. WISE.

On Her Piano Solo of "Thoughts."

SWEET maid, when I the "Thoughts" surmise
That can produce such sounds of bliss,
I see thee first in paradise
Surrounded by all happiness,
And next I watch thy form descend
And rest midway 'twixt heaven and earth,
Where angels list for prayers, and blend
Their voices with celestial mirth.

Now rising as a spirit dove
I see thee at the great white throne,
While notes of pure unchanging love
Resound and mingle with thine own;
The mansions fair thou dost behold
Where mortal footsteps never trod,
Seraphic choirs with harps of gold
That sing eternal praise to God.

Then laden with such precious freight
As never dwelt in "thoughts" before,
Thou dost return to permeate
The earth with perfume from thy store.
The moonlit lake, the landscape view,
The couch of suffering, faith and prayer,
Young budding love and friendship true,
But Hope's the strongest passion there!

If Hope can then create such strains,
Oh visit her each day and hour,
That we may seize the sweet refrains
As fragrance from the choicest flower,
And may the holy one inspire
Thy soul with heavenly music fraught;
Fulfill in life each pure desire
And grant at death thy every "thought."



CUPID.

THE young god of Love's complaining
That his bow's untrue,
And for one whose aim's unerring
That will never do:
So to keep alive the trade
Tiny arrows he has made
Which to every flower's conveyed
By the sparkling dew.

These missiles are effective
As his former dart,
And in each new floral favor
We can feel them smart.
Then to grasp Sir Cupid's power,
Give your chosen one a flower,
And from that propitious hour
You may gain the heart.

THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL! great Unknown! whate'er thy mission be,
We look upon thee as a coming dream;
Though all thy pages are a mystery
The volume for the Author we esteem.

The seedtime and the harvest thou shalt bring,
For these are promised by unfailing word:
But none may know what good or ill shall spring,
What notes of joy, what sounds of woe be heard.

How wisely things are hidden from the sight,
Lest man's great equipoise should be o'erthrown
While grasping that which gives the most delight,
Or trembling for the sorrow he may own.

Launched in a sea he never sailed before,
The skillful mariner will the more resort
To chart and compass that direct him o'er
The trackless ocean to his destined port.

And on the borderland of days to come
'Tis well to study an unerring guide,
To take us safely to that better home
Where love and bliss shall evermore abide.

For this resolve anew, again begin
The new born year as thou wouldst have it end:
He that hath borne our sorrow and our sin
Remains the same safe counselor and friend.

Faint not that former resolutions made
Have failed to realize the heart's desire,
Try, try again, and never be afraid
To let the soul to noble deeds aspire.

Nor let thy thoughts reflect upon the past,
Save to improve and profit by its frown;
When climbing up the high and giddy mast,
The sailor must look up but seldom down.

With head erect enter the narrow gate
That guideth true believers on the way
To where the heart, no longer desolate,
Rejoiceth in the light of perfect day.

Though we exist a century on earth,
Supported by the christian's sturdy staff,
And every day of life declare its worth,
The first score years is still the longest half.

The aged live in thought of days gone by,
The young anticipating future bliss;
Thus time is measured, best by grief or joy
And subject to life's metamorphosis.

But things of time all end; itself shall cease,
When New Year days shall dawn for us no more:
Hence, mankind all should zealously increase
Their preparations for the eternal shore.

There's something strangely sad—a solemn spell
Creeps o'er the soul when those that love must part;
As with the same soft breath we say "farewell,"
We welcome others gladly to the heart.

A mother, dying as she brings to life
Her only child, the mourning ones to cheer,
Is fitting emblem of the bosom's strife,
To leave the passing—hail the coming year.

With all that's beautiful the earth surprise
With wisdom, strength and true progressive grace,
Excelling what our fondest hopes surmise;
Come forth, beloved one, and take thy place.

Raise up the portals of the glorious world!
Let joy in all its holiest forms appear!
Be all the banners of our love unfurled
And welcome to our hearts the glad new year!



TO MR. AND MRS. DURWARD LELY.

(Patti's Great Tenor.)

WHEN Lely's sing the "auld Scotch songs"
We turn with fond forget-me-not,
To where the harp of memory hangs
In some far distant cherished spot.
The eyes are dimmed, but not with grief,
The heart is glad, but not with joy;
The bosom, bursting for relief,
Is spellbound 'twixt a laugh and cry.

Yet this is but the overture,
The introduction to the play,
The mesmerism to allure
The subtle senses far away.
We see no Lely, hear no voice,
But some pure influence divine
Compels the mind without a choice
To live again the auld lang syne.

More than mere words could ever speak,
More than they ever sang before,
From mother's love, to blushing cheek
Of maiden in the days of yore:
From peaceful glen to war's alarms,
From foreign land returning home,
From dreary scenes to brightest charms,
Or earth's vast plain to heaven's dome.

Oh man, where lieth all the power
By which we present ties forget,
That makes within a little hour
The friends long dead be living yet?
It cannot be thy song alone
That brings such vivid scenes to life,—
The potent power behind the throne
Must be in thy accomplished wife.

Was it thy flute-like tones that gained
The sweetest lady ever born,
Or was her loveliness ordained
To perfect sounds, that both adorn?
Her fingers as they kiss the keys
Create expression to the voice,
Whose music, borne upon the breeze,
Would make the barren rocks rejoice.

Together, fan the sacred fire
That burns without revealing light,
And all our dearest thoughts inspire
To chase the shadows born of night.
God grant your lives may ever bloom
Delightful as the flowers in spring,
To permeate with rare perfume
The souls of all that hear you sing.

Great minstrels, for each other made,
Whose chords in unison impart
Love's sweet enchanting serenade,
That swiftly flies from heart to heart:
Wi' bonnie gems frae o'er the sea,
An' heather beauties a' yer ain,
Anither lease o' life to gie,
Oh "will ye no come back again?"

CONJECTURE.

“**M**Y dearest Mary”
So he wrote,
Inditing to his wife a note
Brim full of love and constancy
And words no other eyes should see.
Imagine then his great surprise,
When she indignantly replies:
“Your *dearest* Mary”—Oh my heart;
What visions those three words impart.
Do other Mary's charm your sight,
That I am *dearest* when you write?
Or do you, in another sense,
Just think me dearest in expense?
If you would keep your wife a friend
Your grammar, or your morals mend.

THE OLD WAY THE BEST.

“YES, it’s only the old, old story,
But told in a modernized way,
Devoid of rhetorical glory
Or any rhapsodic display.
I don’t live in visions of beauty,
Or dwell in the light of thine eye,
Or feel, if rejected, my duty
Will be just to lie down and die.

Please pardon my prosaic greeting
Whenever we meet or we part;
I hate to be always repeating
That you are the queen of my heart.
If you’ll wed, ’twill be my endeavor
To climb hand in hand up life’s hill,
Together, I mean, for I never
Would follow a woman’s sweet will.”

With looks patronizingly smiling,
He gazed at the maid by his side,
Who inwardly seemed to be boiling
With rage or with patience hard tried.
“If you’ll wed,” she mimicked, like weighing
His words with another’s she knew,
“Yes, I’ll wed—but pardon my saying,
I’m sure, sir, it won’t be with you.”

IN MEMORY

Of Lisle, Son of T. A. Bourke.

DARLING little Lisle!
We will miss thy cheerful smile,
And the ever welcome patter of thy feet;
And no more we'll hear thee say
In thy quaint old fashioned way,
"Ah, gi' long," then run to play
Laughing sweet.

Glad and joyous Lisle,
Fond refresher after toil,
All a father's pride and mother's dearest joy.
They have felt thy last embrace,
Full of 'cute and cunning grace.
Oh! 'tis hard to fill the place
Of their boy.

Pure, departed Lisle!
Thou wilt never more beguile
From sorrow, grief and care thy parents here,
But their memory, I ween
Will be kept forever green,
Of their treasure here unseen—
But more dear.

Happy, blessed Lisle!
Free from every sin and guile,
Thou hast left us for a better world than this;
And the angels now above
Are rejoicing in thy love,
And thou never more shalt rove
From their bliss.

Farewell, earthly Lisle!
In a very little while
We will also tread the path that thou hast trod,
And again we hope to greet
The dear patter of thy feet,
In the bright and golden street
Of our Gcd.



HELP THE POOR.

SEARCHER for the best enjoyment
Health and wealth can ever bring,
Doth thy conscience at its leisure
Probe thee with a little sting?
Hast thou something left unfinished
That thy better thoughts allure
To an undecided conflict?
Try this duty—help the poor.

Fellow sinner, art thou weary,
Burdened with perplexing care,
Vacillating almost daily
Between pleasure and despair?
Wouldst thou have one steady object
That will peaceful rest secure?
In proportion to thy blessings,
Go to-day and help the poor.

Traveler on the road to Zion,
Dost thou halt upon the way,
Wondering when beside its portals
What the Holy One will say?
Hast thou yet at times a feeling
That salvation's insecure?
Pause and ere thou soarest higher,
Backward turn and help the poor.

Wouldst thou have sustaining comfort,
Hope that's free from all alloy,
Infinite to bless the finite
With religion's sacred joy,
Armor that from shafts protecting,
Patience crosses to endure;
Herein lies the open sesame,
Try its virtue, help the poor.

Oh the happiness of knowing
Hearts and lips in grateful prayer,
Render thanks for food and raiment
Which in secrecy we spare.
Angels round the throne rejoicing
Cannot have delight more pure,
At a prodigal returning
Than we have to help the poor.

Well we know the loving Savior
This as holy precept gave,
One thing lackest thou in doing
Thy immortal soul to save;
Take the substance thou hast cherished
With a miser's grasp impure,
All thy land and all thou ownest
Freely give to help the poor.

This, O Father, is the glory
That so radiantly shines
In Thy children, as their bosom
Yieldeth grapes from sacred vines.
We but lend Thee our donations,
Make security more sure,
When we follow Thy instruction,
When we quickly help the poor.

HE had been fishing, and a string
Of beauties home he brought,
His wife espied him lingering
Where he those fishes bought.

But prudently she praised her lord
In terms would grace a sonnet:
She angled well—and for reward
Received a fine new bonnet.

Though unsuccessful hubbies go
To fish with rod and rye—hme,
Their wives a flattering net can throw
And land them every time.

LEAVING SPAIN.

GENTLE twilight, softly linger,
Let me on her beauty gaze,
Till my heart joins with the singer
One short parting hymn of praise;
Till reflectively I listen
To the pure Castilian strain,
Watch the bright eyes brighter glisten,
As sweet music's low refrain
Wafts a fond farewell to Spain.

Land enchantingly uniting
All the charms of earth and sky,
Ever pleasantly delighting
Poet's mind and painter's eye;
Rich as wine thy vineyards growing
Streams the warm blood through each vein,
Friendship's fountain freely flowing
In thy zeal to entertain:
Hospitable, generous Spain.

Maids, the heart's best retrospection,
Men of honor, faithful, true,
Sunny home of sweet affection,
Though we bid thee now adieu,
Gems of thought, earth's richest treasure,
Monarchs of the soul shall reign,
As love's harp recalls the pleasure
Dearest memories retain
Of thy blessings, favored Spain.

✓ LOVE.

MYSTERIOUS Love, so misapplied,
How strangely thou'rt identified;
As blind yet see, as deaf yet hear,
Or calm when raging storms appear:
No barriers stem thy torrent's force,
Nor human knowledge change thy course.

Within thy universal home
Unlicensed passions reckless roam,
Drift with the tide and enter free
The hearts of high and low degree,
Treat with contempt stern law's demands
And burst all silk or golden bands.

Thy sacred name of hallowed bliss,
Polluted often with a kiss
And prostituted in the mire
Of filthy lust and foul desire,
Supplies the smooth deceiver's tongue
Excuse for crime in old or young.

The power of evil and of good
Is very rarely understood;
In raging wars for weal or woe
Where few distinguish friend from foe,
How faintly men discriminate
Between the fruits of love and hate.

Fanaticism cannot be
The offspring of true charity,
 To gain an object some will lie—
 Deprave their souls—yea dare to die,
And innocently as a dove
Declare their vice was all for love.

See yon inebriate's rude glare
And ask him what he would not dare
 To give impurity relief,
And plunge that lovely maid in grief:
His flushing, not his blushing, face
Will give his answer and disgrace.

Love's holiest attributes that spread
A virtuous halo round her head,
 By ruthless hands are shameless torn
 By villainy, as masks are worn
To hide the blackest crimes of night,
Beneath the holiest rays of light.

And what is sexual love but joy
Descending, pure of all alloy,
 From the great King, mankind to bless
 As earnest of true happiness?
The object cannot give the power,
God lends the fragrance to the flower.

As grain is food until distilled
To lakes of fire, whose breath is filled
 With all that evil can conjure
 To make the whitest soul impure;
So love must cease if it begin
Distilling chastity to sin.

"Let there be light," God's first command
For every clime in every land;
 Nature inanimate obeys,
 Dispels the dark with glorious rays,
Resounding echoes fill the air,
Creation breathes instinctive prayer.

But man the last commandment hears
"Love one another," and appears
 To question what is really meant,
 And enters into argument
Extending love's true boundary line,
To suit the evils he'll design.

No other language can convey
What these three words so clearly say,
 No sermon mortal man can preach
 Could moral duty better teach:
Love one another is the goal
That leads to Christ and saves the soul.

Thus love to God and love to man
Fulfills the great Redeemer's plan;
 But ah! let every heart beware
 The power of evil-lurking there,
The hostile forces still contend
To rob the sinner of his Friend.

Conflicting passions, Darkness, Light,
Each morn renew their bitter fight,
 And conscience is the battle ground
 That tells upon which side we're found;
For this the Savior teaching said:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

There's no midway 'tween right and wrong,
To one or other we belong;
 If Love's to be our constant guide,
 The shafts of sin are turned aside;
Yea e'en should human weakness yield,
Love binds our wounds upon the field.

Oh blessed love that can bestow
Forgiveness to a bitter foe!
 Oh sweet embodiment of peace
 That combats but to make war cease.
These great beatitudes of thine,
Proclaim thine origin divine.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

A ROSE, admitting Shakespeare's claim,
Would smell as sweet with any name,
But it don't follow, by the by,
That this to all things will apply.
Eternal fitness often suits
And gives to names their attributes.
The Devil for an instant take
And see what words that name will make:
From Devil take away the D,
And Evil you will plainly see;
Transpose the E, and it is Vile;
Remove the V and look for Ile,
Which visibly a Lie contains;
Remove the E, and Il remains.
Lie, evil, oil, vile, lived, ill,
And one more transformation still:
Remove the I, there left to tell,
My English friend says, "no'wt but Hell" (L).

"IF I was an Irishman, Paddy, I'd die,
By jumping right into the Tweed."
" 'Tis a pity you wasn't thin, Sandy, me boy,
For it's nothin' but drownin' ye need."

HEAD AND HEART.

THE head rules the body, phrenologists say,
Or indicates how one's inclined,
While our bumps, like a key-board, their deft fingers play
And our secret propensities find.
In this you'll succeed, and in that you will fail
With each passion performing its part;
What they know from the head is so much "like a whale"
That we'd rather depend on the heart:

For the head and the heart are like husband and wife,
Let us grant that the husband's the head,
And directing the intricate journey of life
Over paths that his forefathers tread:
But then who directs him? nearly all will allow
Every pulse in his being will start,
When a hand fondly cherished is laid on his brow
And a kiss on his lips from the heart.

When a man loveth one of the opposite sex,
His whole nature is changed right away,
Though the bumps may be level, concave or convex,
He is molded like soft wax or clay.
Just a word, or a look, or a sigh from the breast,
Makes the strength of a Samson depart,
For 'tis wisely decreed by the One who knows best,
That the head shall be led by the heart.

MIND HOW YOU WEAR YOUR HAIR.

HILE sitting in the ballroom, we
Take notes upon the sly
Of all the charming ladies, as
They waltz divinely by.
Miss A looks bright and beautiful,
Au fait and debonair;
But, my companion whispers, 'tis
The way she wears her hair.

Miss B seems calm and motionless,
As Pallas cut in stone;
Miss C has got a far off look
That's surely not her own;
Miss D, Miss E, appear quite strange
Yet make a pretty pair;
For which they have to thank, I'm told,
The way they wear their hair.

Observe Miss F, and yes, Miss G.
That's usually so sweet,
They look the plainest girls to-night
Of any that we meet.
Miss H looks dark, who should be hailed
The fairest of the fair,
There's still one cause for all effects,
"The way they wear their hair."

Oh ladies, this great paradox,
Is past my finding out,
But if 'tis true, then all of you
Should know what you're about;
To make your charms attractive, and
To force men to declare,
Midst all the countless things you do—
Mind how you wear your hair.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

“**Y**OUR biscuits hot, remind me, dear,
Of caterpillars crawling by.”
“Indeed!” she said, “you smile and sneer
At everything I do or try;
You better bring your mother here——”
“Now don’t commence to pout and cry
You really have misunderstood.
I only meant they are so good,
That just whenever they appear,
Both start to make the butter fly!”

INDIFFERENCE.

YOU remember well the brooklet
Where the water cresses grew
So abundant as to cover
The fast current from the view,
And how often we stood laughing
When we heard the sudden scream
Of a playmate who had fallen
In the deep, cool hidden stream.

And you know how oft and vainly
When we tried its course to turn,
It would dash aside the barriers
And our puny efforts spurn;
Till with powerful aid from others,
And a mound of new made clay,
We had forced the water backward
Till it ran another way.

And when afterwards we wandered
By the well remembered scene,
We beheld the wild weeds growing
Where the channel first had been,
And the pool in search of outlets
By so many pathways run
That we scarcely could discern them
Till again they joined in one.

Then together we united
As we did in days of yore,
But this time to cleanse the passage
Where the brooklet ran before.
Oh, how soon we were successful,
And the water bounding free
Seemed to laugh a joyful ripple
As it danced toward the sea.

Ah, that stream my life portraying,
Which with love's untrammelled force
Would for thee have flowed forever
In its pure unsullied course;
But indifferent to feeling
Thou hast checked its free career
Till the bosom's sweet emotions
Driven backward, disappear.

Little objects make a shadow,
Stagnant pools, though clear, turn sour,
Weeds of discord grow and flourish
By some hidden evil power,
Showers at zero, though the sun shine,
Freeze as fast as they can fall,
But indifference chills affection
With a force exceeding all.

If true joy is worth possessing
And our hearts are leal and true,
Is it weakness to acknowledge
You love me; or I love you?
Let us not our thoughts deceiving
Drift from where we fain would roam,
But the rivulet keep open
That brings happiness to home.

Wilt thou not, then, oh, my darling,
Help the stone away to roll,
And to clear away obstructions
From the channel of the soul,
Till the waters of affection
Shall submerge the seeds of strife
And the sport of happy childhood
Be a lesson for our life.



LEAVES.

NOW the autumn leaves are falling
And the nights grow long and chill,
Ripened grain and fruit seem calling,
Come, your barn and storehouse fill.
Nature lavishly bestowing
Robes that spring and summer weave,
And the trees so tired of growing
All their sapless foliage leave.

In the autumn of life's travel
Shall we from God's sun and rain,
Life's great mystery unravel,
Ripe with fruit and golden grain,
Or bereft of grace and beauty—
That the Holy spirit grieves?
Shall we void of love and duty
Fall as useless as the leaves?

Things of earth have all an ending,
But the gifts of heaven so free
In the soul harmonious blending
Live to all eternity;
And the treasures in the bosom
Of the christian that believes
Only change at death to blossom;
Not decay as autumn leaves.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AND art thou gone, thy youth, thy beauty, all?
Dost thou inhabit death's oblivious shade?
Ah yes, and soon beneath the funeral pall
And soon beneath the tomb wilt thou be laid.

How still thy form that once so gracefully moved,
The roses now from off thy cheek have fled;
How mute the voice that all so fondly loved,
How dull the ear to all who mourn thee dead.

If grief could wake thee from the silent tomb,
Or sorrow animate thy stifled brain,
Or tears recall thy irrevocable doom,
Soon, would'st thou join us in this world again.

But, oh, alas, to grief how silent death;
Though hundreds mourn and o'er thy corse may weep,
They cannot bring thee back thy valued breath,
They cannot wake thee from thy last long sleep.

How like the rose thy life on earth was passed
That scatters perfume 'neath a summer's sun,
But oh, thou fell'st beneath stern winter's blast,
And Death the tyrant claimed thee for his own.

Still like the rose, again to life thou'lt spring
And bloom in heaven with unmolested joy,
For grief can never harm nor Death can sting
The rewarded happy inmates of the sky.

Rest then in peace, thou moldering heap of clay,
Though loved by all, the earth must claim her own:
We all the debt of nature once must pay
We live but here to wait our well known doom.



LINES

On Receiving a Painting of Lilac Blossoms from Mrs. A. G. Comstock.

HARMING blossoms, let me trace
From your unassuming grace,
Treasures of the artist mind
That has loveliness defined
So enchantingly complete:
Ye are so sweet.

Resting cosily at ease,
Nestling careless as-you-please,
Yet arranged with magic skill
That allures instinctive will
To inhale the fragrance, meet
For gems so sweet.

Doth all beauty so deceive,
Or possession make us grieve
That no matter what our store
Still we sigh for something more?
Yet what better could we greet
Than you so sweet.

Ah! methinks the perfume lies
In the love that bid you rise,
And the drops of dew appear
In each happy grateful tear
Bursting from the soul's retreat
Of one more sweet.

Mirrors of the mind's pure throne,
Your perfections are her own;
Which, may heaven preserve and bless,
Give on earth true happiness,
And beside the Savior's feet
Rest, Oh! so sweet.

TO MISS M. B. NEAL,

With Present of Lace Curtains, on her Marriage with Mr. Will Pagot.

ACCEPT these curtains, charming May,
On this your happy bridal day,
From friends who hope that you will trace
Appropriate emblems in the lace.
The flowers and figures here you see,
Are the result of unity.
So be your lives harmonious joined
To have one thought, one Will, one mind.

CHRISTMAS.

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.—Luke 2: 29.
Sermon by Rev. T. Tallach, St. Andrews Church,
Windsor, Ont., Dec. 23d, 1889.

OW realizing all that seers foretold
Since Israel's consolation I behold,
Let now thy servant, Lord, depart in peace
My sorrows end and holy joys increase.

The greatest men have one great end in view
To which their thoughts are ever firm and true,
No obstacle prevents their busy brain
Conceiving plans that object to attain.

Columbus bent his mind upon the west
And found this land in which we are so blest,
Watts made the steam submissive to his power,
And Havelock's triumph was his dying hour.

Patience and virtue always find reward;
As Simeon's eyes beheld the long sought Lord,
So we some day can see Heaven's brightest gem
Who came the humblest babe of Bethlehem.

Thus spake the minister last Sabbath morn
Appropriate for the season Christ was born,
And now the evening of the blessed day
Melodious songs our blissful hearts portray;
But mingling with our joy, o'er memory dawns
The lowly manger and the crown of thorns
O King of kings, thy precious gift of love
Should tune our thoughts and all our actions move
In humble adoration of thy name,
To hail this day on which the Savior came,
And make our one great object ever be
To do thy will and render thanks to thee.
But not confined to prayers and praise alone,
Seek those with lives less favored than our own,
And imitate the great example given
To feed the poor with things of earth and heaven.
Let us with money and with hearts unite
To give to those in need a gift to-night,
Relying on the ever truthful word
That those who give are lending to the Lord;
So will we reap the joys of good intent
A Happy Christmas and a night well spent.

The foregoing was read by Rev. John Gray at Christmas
entertainment, 1889.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. T. TALLACH, OF DRESDEN, ONT.

Lord, now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace.—Luke 2:29. *Text of sermon delivered by him a few weeks before his death.*

DRAWING near the end of time;
Deeply solemn and sublime
Is the brief mysterious pause 'tween
Life and death.

As the darkening shadows lower
We can feel an unseen power,
And the boldest in that hour
Hold their breath,

At the fearful precipice,
And the terrible abyss
Bridged by Christ, to lead where living
Waters flow;
There our faith we estimate,
While the summons we await,
And behold our future state
Ere we go.

Near the closing of the year,
Near the close of thy career,
Thus old Simeon's prayer became as
'Twere thine own,
And each deep prophetic word
By the King of Kings was heard,
And thy raptured soul transferred
To his throne.

Oh, the blessedness of those
Who with labor near a close,
Confidently lay the well worn
 Harness down;
Knowing that when life is flown,
They will reap from good seed sown,
And exchange the cross they've borne
 For a crown.

In the autumn of thy years,
Just as ripened fruit appears,
It is sad to lose the tree so
 Richly fraught,
But the Holy One ordains,
And excessive grieving wanes,
While there still with us remains
 Truths thou taught.

As thy body rests in peace,
May thy precepts never cease
Leading others to the bright and
 Happy shore,
And the sacred words be blest,
Till upon the Savior's breast
All shall find a peaceful rest
 Evermore.

MEMENTO OF SERMON

BY REV. J. C. TOLMIE.

The Parable of the Ten Virgins—Matt. 25: 1-13.

THIS parable surpasses all in beauty,
Its sweet simplicity portraying clear
The loss or gain, by christian love or duty
Of endings bright or drear.

Though five were wise, they with the foolish slumbered,
And none watched for the bridegroom they must meet;
The church asleep is thus with sinners numbered
As being indiscreet.

They were not hypocrites, each foolish maiden
As fondly hoped for entrance as the wise:
By sad neglect alone they were not laden
With all that "oil" implies.

In charity, each other's burden bearing,
Why did they not the precious oil divide?
Because, with nothing else of love comparing,
They could not, if they tried.

The oil that constitutes the hallowed leaven
Is only given by the sinner's Friend;
The key that opens wide the gate of heaven
We may not give or lend.

Yet build not on a false imagination,
That any time this oil's obtained by prayer:
The foolish perish by procrastination,
The wise will not defer.

To-day salvation's sweeter than to-morrow,
There is no time can equal present bliss:
One day shall bring eternal joy or sorrow,
Why may it not be this?

In vain shall man to holy wife be clinging,
Or woman lean on husband or on son;
They only with the oil, from Jesus bringing,
Shall hear the blest "well done."

We may inhale the perfume of the roses,
And in their beauty spend the happy hours;
But till the God of nature so disposes
We never can be flowers.

The bridegroom comes without a moment's warning,
There is no time for doubting or delay;
Oh shall He change our happiness to mourning,
Or turn our night to day?

May all now hearken to the Savior pleading:
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."
Obtain the sacred oil that each is needing,
And join the wise and blest.

PERSEVERANCE.

THOUGH thou chidest me for boldness
How can I true love disclaim,
While thy beauty, e'en in coldness,
Fans unconsciously the flame?
Once to see thee is a blessing
Years may cherish as a friend,
But to love thee is possessing
Treasure that can never end.

Well I know thou art above me
Far as good from bad's removed,
Yet with hope I dare to love thee
Though a thousand times reproved.
Chilling words make many perish,
Cold with heat may rarely blend
But thy very scorn I cherish
With a love that cannot end.

Oft thy power my soul elating
Leadeth me to dangerous ground,
Hungry, patiently awaiting
Crumbs thou scatterest around;
These in memory every dwelling
Beauty's banquets far transcend;
Thy bright charms, so sweet excelling,
Like my love, can never end.

Time with constant evolution
Shall reveal, as future fate—
This, the soul's true elocution;
Silently I love and wait;
Faithful with affection growing,
Still to heaven my prayers ascend
For thy welfare, hoping, knowing
Love will triumph in the end.

I. E.

“**S**AY, Jack! I hear you are well learned
And know in reading all you see.
Pray, tell me now the meaning of
These letters often seen—I. E.”

“That is,” cried Jack,—resumed his pipe
Pursued his studies seeming more;
“Is what?” cried Jim, with listening ears
“That is,” says Jack, calm as before.

“Is what?” cried Jim, with towering rage,
“I thought you would oblige, but see—”
“And so I have,” cool Jack replies,
“It is ‘that is’ that is I. E.”

CUPID'S CAPRICE.

MORTGAGED hearts her own forecloses,
While it quiescent reposes
In a labyrinth of roses
That is hard to penetrate.
As with caution persevering
To the goal, her beaux are nearing,
Greater obstacles appearing
Turn them backwards desolate.

Yet another pathway trying,
Hope inspiring some to flying,
Far above a world of sighing
To love's temple straightway steer:
Boldly one, with wildness rushes,
Flowers and thorns alike he crushes,
Till her face with angry blushes
Checks his wild and mad career.

All that love suggests in daring,
All that words could do declaring,
Men have tried, until despairing
They have vanquished left the race.
Still her subtle charm allureth,
For as long as life endureth
Beauty unassigned secureth
Willing captives to its grace.

But her reign is transitory;
All her fascinating glory
Gives material for a story

Many dreaded to surmise.
Like a spoiled and foolish daughter,
Or a fish that leaps from water,
One has gained, that never sought her
Or deserved so rich a prize.

Strange, to turn without reflection,
From the purest of affection,
To a little interjection

Of a man she scarcely knew:
Cupid's caprice may seem witty,
But it changes love to pity,
When from one so sweet and pretty
Hearts are forced to bid adieu.



SOUR GRAPES.

A BEWITCHING little maid,
Who some lovers to evade,
Sat in contemplative study
'Neath a charming shady tree.
One she loved was drawing near,
Soothing every trembling fear,
Sweeter than the fragrant blossoms
By the smooth Carribean sea.

Her stern parent, to obtain
Merely mercenary gain,
Had decreed that she must marry
An old noble the next day;
But the witty girl began,
And matured a well-laid plan
To secure her favored lover
And rehearse this little play.

Hark, a voice in pleading tone,
Sings, "Beloved, be mine own,
And together let us wander
Far across the ocean wide."
But the maiden said, "Not so,
Take this ring and quickly go:
Who restores that gem to-morrow
He shall claim me for his bride."

Swiftly homeward did she fly
To her father, with a cry,
That her mother's ring was missing
Which would ruin all her life:
With apparent grief, sobbed she,
"Find and bring my ring to me,
By my honor he who finds it
I shall surely be his wife."

Hundreds searched, of course in vain,
But the happy favored swain
Brought the ring and claimed the promise
Which was honorably paid;
While the others said, unkind,
"Those who hide know where to find,
We would rather go unmarried
Than be trapped by any maid."

TWO JOLLY FRIENDS.

TWO jolly friends, in happy vein,
That made the most of life,
Had sat for hours upon a train
Beside each other's wife;
But entering a tunnel dark,
As previously arranged,
They stealthily, without remark,
Their places soon exchanged.

Then quicker than the cars could run
The tunnel's long abyss,
Each grasped his own wife just for fun,
And snatched a hasty kiss.
One lady screamed with all her might;
The other simply sighed
And kept quite still, but which did right
I leave you to decide.

RAILWAY FLOWERS.

THROUGH the tunnel of the mountain,
Over river, hill and plain,
Darting past the silvery fountain
Fast as flying clouds of rain;
Onward steady, ever rushing
To some distant far off end,
Leaving on the wayside blushing,
What we pray for to descend.

Little flowers along the railway
Decked in robes of every hue,
That we seldom think to hail, yea
Pass unnoticed to the view;
If, transplanted, ye were growing
In some cultivated soil,
Oh what hearts would now be glowing
At the meaning of your smile.

In the race of love and duty
Do we not pass listless by
Gems of purest grace and beauty
That are let regardless lie?
If mankind but knew the treasure
That they trample 'neath their feet,
Life would be a round of pleasure,
Death a welcome friend to greet.

THE LADDER OF LOVE.

WHEN first I beheld thee, my heart took a flight
Far away to the regions above;
Where thy charms filled my soul with purest delight
While incensing the ocean of love;
For I dwelt in the clouds of desire alone,
And I sighed for affection in vain,
Existing on thoughts that were only mine own,
They returned to the cold earth again.

But waiting and loving as truly, yea more,
With a calmness surpassing surprise,
I beheld what had never been noticed before,
An encouraging look in thine eyes.
Then I dreamt of a ladder, like Jacob's of old,
That was hung from the sky to the ground,
And thy angelic smile made me feel so bold
That I ventured upon the first round.

Gazing up and then down, now dreading to climb
To delusions that falsely inspire,
Thy beautiful face beaming more than sublime
Led me cautiously higher and higher.
Then you gave me your hand, while a sweet little flower
You had kissed was held over my head,
And together we rose by invisible power
To the place where my first love had sped.

But the scene was so changed and pleasant to view,
That I woke from a prospect so fair
To learn from a dream when affection is true,
It may suffer, but need not despair.
Not all from the ark that so hastily fly
Can return with a leaf like the dove,
But fewer will fail if they patiently try
To ascend by the ladder of love.



THE HEART IS EVER YOUNG.

THE heart is ever young; old Time,
Who wrinkles brows and silvers hair,
The bosom's mountain cannot climb
To leave an aged impression there.
We may regret, be sad or frail,
But to the music of some tongue,
When hope unfurls her flowing sail,
The heart is young—is ever young.

As billows bound, streams constant flow,
And sun and moon, or planets shine;
As tender tales of long ago
Are treasured up in memory's shrine;
As perfect instruments we tune,
The soul's responsive chords are strung;
When barriers from its joys are hewn
The heart is young—is ever young.

A few prized words—a gentle smile—
The revelations of the eyes—
From sickness, care or age beguile,
And blissful thoughts spontaneous rise.
To list again the minstrel's lay
That centuries have sweetly sung,
With love and chivalry, display
The heart is young—is ever young.

Sing not to me what some would do
Possessing youth's bright diadem;
The holiest feelings we renew,
The casket fades, but not the gem.
Love is enriched by age, like wine,
And in the soul's pure censer swung,
Proves with its incense so divine,
The heart is young—is ever young.



FORGET THE PAST.

FORGET the past! The clouds may lower
Till earth seem dark and drear,
Yet beaming rays the sun will pour
And all creation cheer.
How oft, alas! do hearts decay,
When pondering in the breast
Words, which forgot would pass away
And all be bright and blest.

Forget the past! The summer flowers
Still fresh with fragrance bloom,
Though winter oft in chilling hours
Hath ravished their perfume.
Let not past deeds the bosom sting
With deep remorseful pain,
But oh! forget the past, and cling
To hope and bliss again.

Forget the past! Except when peace
And good thoughts fill the mind;
That make true happiness increase
And friendship firmer bind.
The precepts that are sweetly pure,
For ever more hold fast.
Do all things well, make love secure,
Then, don't forget the past.

SONG.

WE think not of distance or seas that divide,
We care not for pain as the billows we ride,
We heed not the dangers that lie on our way,
For hope is our anchor. Though leaving behind
Fond scenes that are blest with remembrances kind—
We dash them aside, and each long, anxious day
Look westward at morning, at noon and at night,
And fancy anticipates purest delight
As the fair land of promise gladdens the sight.

Bright thought of our life that induced us to roam
To this thrice happy shore—the stranger's sweet home,
Where all are as free as the sunbeams in May;
Yet ever we'll think of the days that are past
When struggling with penury's bitterest blast,
The wolf at our doorstep that would not away,
But here all united as brothers we stand,
Obeying love's message and heaven's command
On Columbia's cheerful and ever blessed strand.

HE WEARS.

“THE best is the cheapest,” we often hear said
When selecting the goods we require,
And the world so expressively shakes its head
At the thing that it does not desire;
But choice is so varied, regardless of price,
That the merchant quite frequent declares
“The foolish look only for something that’s nice
But the knowing ones something that wears.”

The same may be said, in a general way,
When selecting companions for life:
Looks frequently lead the best judgment astray
When a man is in search of a wife.
It’s all very well to have talents and grace,
And the needful to better our fares,
But nothing in wealth or a beautiful face
Can compare with the woman that wears.

Don’t trust to appearance when choosing a friend,
But investigate right to the heart;
If truthful and honest, hold on to the end,
For such qualities rarely depart.
There is such a one who is always on call
To relieve and to carry our cares,
The Friend of the righteous, the sinner and all,
Is the best to obtain, and He wears.

THINK NO MORE OF HER.

THINK no more of her I love!
Go tell the orb of day
To stop his rays and shine no more,
And see if he'll obey.
Go tell the birds no more to sing,
The moon to light the grove,
Forbid the lovely flowers to spring,
Then tell me not to love!

Think no more of her whose smile
Pours gladness in my breast,
Whose image haunts me night and day
And makes me more than blest!
Go stop the lightning in its course,
Forbid the winds to roar,
And when they all obey thy voice,
Then bid me love no more!

WAIT.

SEEK not to learn what I conceal
And cherish in my heart,
Lest mine own sorrow may reveal
A cause for us to part.
Thy tender words my soul explore
And make me this confess:
That while I may not love thee more,
I would not love thee less.

Then let hope's star that seemeth far
Thy constancy draw near,
No more entice, let this suffice;
To me thou'rt ever dear.

Forbear, but calmly linger yet,
Perhaps another day
May kindly help us to forget
Or bring a warmer ray.
We know that heaven is sweet and bright,
Yet trustfully we wait
For Love to open with delight
The everlasting gate.

Thy faith thus prove, and let thy love,
Continuing sincere,
With patience wait our destined fate,
And Hope shall banish fear.

SOCIETARY.



OMNIA PRO CARITATE. (RED CROSS MOTTO.)

 **MNIA PRO CARITATE.** This our motto and our aim,
Is to practice what we promise in its pure and holy name;
To be bound in happy union, to relieve each other's care,
And the sunshine and the shadow of life's changing lot to share.

Omnia Pro Caritate. Are you hungry? Come and eat;
We will never see our loved ones want for raiment or for meat.
Are you sick? Then we will nurse you: Are you weary? Come and rest:
Or, if downcast, we will cheer you and pour gladness in your breast.

Omnia Pro Caritate. Come, the worthy, good and true,
And what we have for each other, we will gladly share with you —
When you join the Red Cross order, and espouse the noble cause —
For, to do as we'd be done by, is the nucleus of our laws.

Omnia Pro Caritate. When our course through life is run,
There are thousands who will carry on the work that we've begun,
And our dear ones be protected, and our bread on waters cast,
Yield the choicest fruit, in blessings which return to us at last.

Omnia Pro Caritate. As a bright, fraternal band,
We would proudly wave our banner over all this glorious land.

Omnia Pro Caritate. Dearest grace to mortal given,
'Tis the substance of our Order, and a stepping-stone to heaven.

ERE WE PART.

 RE we part in this fair Island grove,
Let us join in a tribute of song,
To our great high Commander above,
Who has favored and blessed us so long;
God of heaven,—Thee we praise,
For our principles, Faith, Hope and Love.
God of heaven,—Thee we praise,
For our principles, Faith, Hope and Love.

'Tis Thy precepts that make us unite,
All our joys and our sorrows to share,
And we feel that our union is right,
While the Cross of each other we bear;
And we trust,—in Thy aid,
Freely given in answer to prayer;
And we trust,—in Thy aid,
Freely given in answer to prayer.

Though we meet on this Isle never more,
May we ever remember the day,
'Till we meet when life's journey is o'er,
At the Savior's secure Put-in-Bay.
Guide us, Lord,—safely home,
All to "meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
All to meet on that beautiful shore."

RED CROSS SONG.

(Air—Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.)

WHERE the Red Cross banner's streaming
Wisdom's Star is brightly beaming,
Thoughts divine all hearts incline
To noble deeds—distress redeeming.

Shall worthy ones to us apply
And vainly seek for aid?—no, never!
On sacred pledges we rely—
The many help the few forever.
Where the Red Cross, etc.

Delightful music to the ear
For love—yes—"All for love" combining
To give desponding ones good cheer—
Obeying laws of heaven's designing.
Where the Red Cross, etc.

When leaving earth and friends most dear,
With sweeter *notes* than come from Patti,
Still may we this blest summons hear—
"Come," Omnia pro Caritate.
Where the Red Cross, etc.

TO MRS. GEO. WILLIAMSON.

First Lady Member of the Order of Red Cross.

SISTER, we bid thee welcome to unite
Your lot with ours in solemn pledge this night,
To bear each other's burdens, and fulfil
His laws, who could the raging tempest still,
The water turn to wine—the hills remove
By power from a triunity of Love.
So we by unity of heart and mind,
Can soothe the troubles that afflict our kind,
Mourn with the mourner, and the weak sustain,
And share, when we cannot relieve their pain.
Greater than Faith or Hope, our Motto see,
Is, All for Love—is, All for Charity!
No purer motive can direct our ways,
Impel our lives to deeds of worthier praise,
Than casting bread on waters from our view,
And doing as we would be done unto.
This, then, our aim, before your presence here,
Shall it be less with you to help and cheer?
Ah! no, we feel that with your valued aid,
The Red Cross now in bridal robes arrayed.

Her lamps, new trimmed, burn bright as midday sun;
Her wisest legislation has begun.
Not all can think alike—but such our view;
And feeling thus, we therefore welcome you,
And hail this law from which we comprehend
A great beginning that will never end.
Let us be frank and tell you, some will say,
You cannot keep the secrets we convey.
Unworthy thought! a blot on history's page,
And too absurd for this enlightened age;
We trust you with our heart, our home, our life,
And he who cannot should not have a wife,
Then why should doubts for smaller things arise?
Will you seize blanks, and throw away the prize?
Not likely, and less likely to reveal
What you sincerely promise to conceal.
'Tis well established since the world began,
That woman is as trustworthy as man;
Her secrets safe. In anger, perhaps, alone—
She may hint ours—but never tells her own;
Here ours are hers, and therefore quite secure
As long as life or reason shall endure.

Some murmuring say the risk is more than men;
Oh! selfishness declared! And yet again,
A thought as much in error as before,—
Man's occupation makes his risk much more,
Nor that alone—his own immoral ways
Have shortened many a man one-half his days:
The risk is less, but were it even true,
That it were more—still would we welcome you,
Still hold to you the hands we now extend
In greeting to our sister and our friend;
And feel such honor with you by our side,
That our frail language never can describe.
While we march onward in our noble cause
Helping each other—God's—and RED CROSS laws,
Together join harmonious as a song—
Conserving right—reforming all the wrong,
Your aid will cheer our work, and Heaven will bless
Our great united efforts with success.
We hail you then again, with three times three,
Again assure you you will ever be,
Whate'er your lot, wherever you may roam,
Welcome to Home Commandery as to home.

DETROIT WEDNESDAY HISTORY CLASS.

ROME, with all thy glorious history,
We must bid thee now farewell;
Each to solve the hidden mystery
That the future has to tell.
Parting fills our heart with grieving,
Not so much for love of Rome,
As for dear ones we are leaving
In our own beloved home.

Many problems we've unraveled,
With our charming Huyett's aid,
While together we have traveled
History's sunshine and its shade.
We have learned from many a story,
Lessons that will live for aye:
That the earth and all its glory
Shall in season pass away;

That the histories of nations
Pass before us like a dream,
Illustrating life's donations
To the great eternal stream.
And in time, so fast and fleeting
Though to noblest themes we soar,
We are only just repeating
What the world has done before.

Yet how gladly did we ponder
O'er some hero's noble deeds,
Or with faith, in safety wander
Through a labyrinth of creeds;
Till impressed with every feeling
That could elevate mankind,
Heaven a brilliant light revealing,
Made the darkness fall behind.

Many part, and oh! how often
Part to never meet again:
Yet the heart will melt and soften
Over memories that remain:
Then may all our happy unions
Be directed from above,
And our pure and sweet communions
Make a History of Love.



TO THE
HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION
OF ILLINOIS.

HAIL! this grand association, that enfolds unto its breast
And provides for worthy countrymen, a refuge and a rest—
A home for weary wanderers, elysium's safe retreat,
Where strangers and companions on a social level meet.
Not a thought to mar its harmony, not one dissenting voice
To prevent its many members at reunions to rejoice,
Or to change a sea of trouble to a calm enchanted spot,
Where the trials and the sorrows of the world are all forgot.
Here a ray of blissful sunshine makes the clouds of life depart,
And the milk of human kindness feeds and nourishes the heart,
Permeating our whole being with exhilarating breath,
And creating precious memories that stay with us till death.

Pipers, sound the pibroch, loudly! As the happy time returns
To honor Scotland's gifted son—the immortal poet, Burns—
Make every blast a countless throng to see our loved ones bring
When the nations are assembling and the "Clans are gathering"
Sweet as lilies and moss roses—pure as dew from heaven distilled—
While our bosoms with enrapturing and tranquil joys are filled
By these matrons of the future, these, the hope of days to come,
Making pleasure at our meetings, and true happiness at home;
Aiding with magnetic influence, and such free bewitching grace,
That this great association now, like continents, embrace
Sturdy yeomen, skilled mechanics, men inured to honest toil,
Men of every learned profession, mustering in rank and file,

Men to trust as worthy counselors, men of noblest birth and fame,
Crowning with historic laurels and embellishing our name.
On the roll of members—authors, statesmen, orators, are seen;
And upon our roll of honor is the Earl of Aberdeen,
With his ever charming countess

And sweet Lady Marjorie,
Thy loveliness and winning ways won every heart to thee!
And soon beside Lake Michigan, though millions may be there,
Chicago will proclaim thee *Queen*, and fairest of the Fair.

With such patrons and such members, that a king might boast to own—
Men and women that bring glory to a nation or a throne;
Meeting with a hearty handshake, parting with unuttered prayer,
Doing as they would be done by, spreading comfort everywhere;
Building up bright days for dull ones with an architect divine,
Making charity the corner stone of every design—
Who can marvel that they prosper, and know no such word as *fear*
Of success to build mementos of a name that all revere;
A Burns Memorial Hospital, beneath their magic wand,
Will meet with "well done" plaudits from the good of every land,
And the funds will be forthcoming, as rich privileges given—
Blessing, honoring the donors—from, and leading unto heaven.

Freely ask for contributions then from over sea and lake
For the most immortal monument that mortal man can make—
With consolidated purpose all your efforts concentrate
To erect an institution worthy of *you* and the *state*.
And in the pleasant days to come, when an astonished world
In this progressive wonderland their banners have unfurled,
May our Association to a welcome people prove
That works of art can be excelled by works of Christian love.

TO THE ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED
WORKMEN AND DETROIT
LODGE No. 6.

GREAT pioneer of mutual love and aid,
When first thy precious promises were made,
The sceptic laughed thy noble scheme to scorn
And ridiculed thee as of madness born,
Prophetic scoffers never ceased to rave
That in thy cradle thou shouldst find a grave,
But he who had conceived and made the plan
Of man's relief to be his fellow man,
Stood by the helm his gallant ship to steer,
Direct the crew and banish every fear.

As One who near the coast of Galilee
Rebuked the waves and walked upon the sea,
Restoring confidence to trembling men,
Implanting in their souls strong faith again,
So Father Upchurch led his little crew
From stormy winds to where mild zephyrs blew:
Thus weeks and months and years rolled dimly on,
Till swaddling clothes and infancy had gone,
Then robust youth grown larger than his years,
And manhood in its noblest form appears.

Where now the scoffers? Let them backward gaze
Upon thy work in all its varied ways,
The lessons learned, the souls that now rejoice
With victory of virtue over vice,
The couch of suffering, the substantial prayer
That gives, not asks from God, help they can spare,
The social hours enjoyed by prudent rules
That turns the lodge room into pleasant schools,
The young men trained to honorable ends,
The old men adding to their wisdom, friends.

Protection stops not when departed breath,
Enfolds a member in the arms of death,
Two thousand dollars is not all that's paid,
When in the grave a brother has been laid:
The widow is a sister to respect,
The fatherless are loved ones to protect,
These all are succored, as thy cheerful ray
Of sunshine drives the dismal clouds away
To make homes happy that would otherwise
Be dens of woe and all that want implies.

But if direct thy works resplendent shine
Then indirect what attributes are thine?
Since Father Upchurch's babe of sterling worth
How many others have been given birth?
Societies by thousands now abound
And all have trod A. O. U. W. ground
But with true magnanimity of soul
Thou bid'st Godspeed and welcome to the whole
Whose mission's to the golden rule confined,
Whose object is protection to mankind.

Yet all their mighty deeds reflect on thee
As the big brother of the family,
To fight their battles and their footsteps guide,
To turn the shafts of enemies aside,
To suck the venom of the "old line" sting
And shelter all 'neath thy protecting wing.
The many streams that now meandering rove
Give tribute to the ocean of thy love,
While all in modesty thy power concede
And hail thee as a friend in time of need.

Of thy large progeny thy greatest star
Beloved near and marveled at afar,
Detroit Lodge number six, with flag unfurled,
Outrivals all and challenges the world,
An army in itself and thousands strong
That moves harmonious as selected song,
A living monument of perfect aid,
A model of fraternity displayed,
That graceful tribute gives, with rising fame,
To venerate old Father Upchurch's name.

But not that patriarchal name alone,
Some scores of others favorably known,
That have extended thy protective rays
Deservedly receive their meed of praise;
Thus Warne Wilson in thy charter wove,
As orator and champion of thy love;
Far as thy power and usefulness extend
Receiveth honor as a bosom friend;
Nor to a local lodge or State confined,
The world has not a boundary for his mind.

The great, the only Geiger shall be hailed
As wonderful! whose word has never failed.
How vividly he brings again to view
Scott's noted Chief, the famous Roderick Dhu,
One blast upon his horn, o'er hill or glen,
Was worth, at any time, a thousand men;
So, with strategic or magnetic shock
Great Geiger speaks, and in new members flock.
Thus many noble men we yet could name
Whose efforts have established thy fame.

Hail, Emperor of all societies,
Thou worthy giant of fraternities,
The world can never know all thou hast done,
Dispelling grief, or combats thou hast won.
Long may thy dear protecting banner wave
Above the sod of every member's grave,
May God, whose laws forever guide thine own,
Bring every brother to the great white throne,
May grace and peace on earth be freely given,
To every member love, and rest in heaven.

ST. ANDREWS YOUNG PEOPLE.

NOW winter evenings close, new joys appear
At this exhilarating time of year,
And buoyant hearts look forward to the day
When flowers shall bloom in beautiful array,
When trees shall bud, and birds delightful sing
To herald in the advent of the spring:
When pleasures shall on every side abound
And all the air with music sweet resound;
But in the midst of happiness we find
Affection casts its dearest thoughts behind,
As brides departing from the parent home
To new born bliss,—wherever they may roam
Their minds revert to pleasures that are past
And take impressions that forever last.

So we, upon the sands of hope's bright shore,
Anticipating happy days in store,
While memory makes the pastimes we have known
As though choice flowers around our feet were strewn,
Whose rare perfume we never fully knew,
Till for a season now, we say adieu!

There's something sad in parting,—even when
We feel assured that all will meet again.
Our thoughts look back to many a pleasing theme
That listless ears have heard, as in a dream,
Till musing on we see with glad surprise
A visionary panorama rise
Of mountains, dells, peninsulas and straits
Of lectures, essays, poems and debates,
Histories, mysteries, puzzling problems solved,
With all the 'ologies that are involved
In science and the labyrinths of lore
That wise philosophers have studied o'er.
Music and charming song delight the ear,
And such a host of pleasantries appear
That we, amazed, in admiration stand
At the great knowledge of this social band,
Whose intellectual feasts like seeds will spring
And to the young resplendent harvests bring.

Doubtless in future years our hopeful boys
(Oft innocently blamed for all the noise)
Will yet be heard in legislative halls
Wherever patriotic duty calls—
As noble statesmen, eloquent, sedate
Or learned professors equally as great;
And so our girls, with intercourse so good
Will bloom as gems of perfect womanhood,
And each the origin of greatness trace
To social, happy meetings in this place.

The aged also pass sweet moments here
To share a laugh, or shed, unseen, a tear
Not born of grief,—or aught that we can state,
The cause we will not dare to penetrate
For when emotion's silent dewdrops shine
The thoughts are bordering on things divine.

We are indebted, then, both young and aged,
To those who have been worthily engaged
Procuring talent such as we have seen
To make these meetings all that they have been.
To the fair secretary much we owe,
And the result of all her efforts show
'Tis wise to keep such *Lilies* in the field,
For when the Campbells come—we needs must yield.

To ladies who have charmed us with sweet song
The names of Sutherland and Gow belong;
Montgomery, Cundiff, Thompson and perhaps more
Which, while enchanted, we forgot to score;
While Misses Grahams, Williamsons and Gray
Piano music most delightful play,
The welcome reading of Miss Gracie Jones,
Joined with the melody and silvery tones
Of Mesdames Campbell, Bartlet, Butterworth
In essays, gave us knowledge, interest, mirth.

Four ladies here deserve repeated mention—
Miss Gray, the Misses Bartlet and Miss Thompson,
Who, with much cheerfulness and pleasing grace,
Have often filled some absent fair one's place.

Our president—branch of a stalwart tree—
Has swayed his scepter most effectually,
And choicest fruit springs from the honored chair,
Good sequels of the Noble Bartlet pair.
It seems quite paradoxical to say,
Not wishing age, we like to be near Gray,
With Campbells, Pattersons and Flemings near,
And never weary listening to Weir,
While Watson Wiggles either Goult or Black,
A Bushel of good things we never lack
For we have one who always brings success,
And all the managers when in distress
Call in McDonald, who is aye on deck,
To trim the sails and guard the ship from wreck.

We have another aid which all admire.
Our ever ready and obliging choir.
Sacred or secular 'tis all the same,
Each piece but adds fresh laurels to their fame,
But they excel when singing one sweet line,
Which reads, "For love I sigh, for love I pine."
The dear expression strikes right to the core,
And takes us back some thirty years or more
When we have sighed and pined and pined and sighed,
And all the stages of the passion tried
For some one far away or by our side.
Such teasing, pleasing and bewitching pain,
We'd like the feeling always to remain
And know 'tis better, be it ere so small,
To love and lose, than not to love at all.

Some time ago, our young men failed to show
That marriage was a failure, as you know,
Their own bright thoughts on matrimony bent
Arose indignant at the base intent,
Which left them scarce an argument to rest on,
And caused them wisely to avoid the question,
Or, let the subject lie upon the table
Till they consider subjects in the cradle.

Pure wedlock has no better advocate
Than he who would its secrets penetrate,
For when man seriously begins to think,
He voluntary stands upon the brink
Of a great prominence and his views expand
Till he beholds the beauties of a land
He never saw before. For some one's sake
He sighs, and thinks the drug's not bad to take,
And hurries on as rapid as he can
To state his case to Windsor's grand old man;
Then counts his hours of bondage till released,
And our good pastor's bank account's increased.
The moral is to wed ere you bewail or
Try to prove that marriage is a failure.

Those who are dwelling in a smiling land
With health and wealth abundant to command
Know nothing of a semi-barren soil
Whose scanty produce gives the greatest toil.
Men must be weary to enjoy their bed
And hungry to appreciate good bread,

And, short of money, o'er the country roam
Before they feel the blessedness of home;
And see the maids of many a beauteous land
Ere they will know or rightly understand
That in this very center of our mirth,
Fair Windsor has the sweetest girls on earth,
Whose loveliness of form and face declare
That nature never made a failure there.

And this, all those who travel, know is true
No wonder Uncle Sam comes here to woo.

Our pastor purposes to cross the sea
To taste dear Scotia's hospitality,
We'd like to watch his beaming face look 'roun
"Within a mile o' Edinboro toun,"
Or as in pensive retrospective mood
He enters into ancient Holyrood,
Or when to auld Dumfries he southward turns
Beside the resting place of Robert Burns,
Or Ecclefechan's ever honored soil,
The humble birthplace of the great Carlyle.
Or by Lochmaben Castle musing stray,
Where Robert Bruce first saw the light of day,
Whose lochs, waves without winds, fish without fins,
And islands floating as huge terrapins,
Awaken strange and weird imaginings.
To view the land where Knox was born and bred
Will knock some new ideas in his head;
True he has now a very goodly store
But every well-filled mind has room for more,

And when, on his return, we meet together,
Expect bright lectures garnished round with heather.

Our handsome town grows finer every day,
Now those who visit oft decide to stay,
Detroit's electric lights add to its beauty,
Which, by the way, we import free of duty;
Contrary to what many think not right,
Because the tariff should be always light;
Not being so makes many a mind perplexed.
We do not advocate to be annexed
But, in the future, do not think it strange
The customs—or the costumes have to change.

One true coincidence we plainly see
That Windsor dates its great prosperity
From this Society's inauguration,
And has improved with every convocation.

Long may both prosper then and when we part
With rich mementos clinging round the heart,
May all like bees disperse to summer bowers
And gather honey from selected flowers,
Then in the fall each favored one contrive
To come back laden to the social hive.

While in the closing exercise to-night
May every heart with gratitude unite,
To the great author of all happiness,
And every tongue in secret prayer express
This, while the curtain falls upon the scene,
God bless our home, our country, and our queen.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

In our dear Forest home, we have pleasures our own,
Neath the rays of Benevolent light,
Down the pure, crystal stream, by our pastures so green,
Enjoying the truth and the right.
Perhaps our outskirts are rough, but our woodwards are tough,
Enduring and willing to guide
Noble men past the Fort to our Chief Ranger's Court
Down the valley of Concord—our pride—
Emblematical we, of brave *Tell's* liberty,
Not a serf in our forest can roam—
True brothers combined to do good to mankind,

Or provide for our loved ones a home.
Recurrent we part with fresh love in our heart,
Devoutly espousing our cause.
Enroll then your name in the page of true fame,
Renowned by its precepts and laws.

Oh! we kindly invite all the pure and upright,
From the wide world our blessings to share.

For our great "Robin Hood" to the merry greenwood
On the altar will welcome you there;
Reinforce then our host, and the ones you love most
Enter into fraternity's fold,
Securely from want or an unfeeling taunt
That is bitter as hunger or cold.
Every seed that is sown for affection alone
Receives as reward a "well done" from the Lord
Sweet as honey, more precious than gold.

TO THE SCOTTISH ASSEMBLY
OF CHICAGO, ILL.

HILD of a storm, whose fury gave thee life
To foster peace and end all party strife,
Though many prophesied thy limbs so frail
Would tottering sink before the raging gale;
Forcing thy way beneath oppression's yoke
The acorn has become a sturdy oak.
Bereft of nutriment from parent's breast,
No gentle lullaby rocked thee to rest;
But men, brave men, thy every want supplied,
And midst the fray stood nobly by thy side.
No marvel then that thou shouldst live and grow,
Though rough thy sponsors, for they loved thee so.
When men like Murray, Brydon, Matheson,
McKenzie, Goudie, Handford, helped thee on,
Bates, Pringle, Spicer, Gibbs and many more,
Firm as the granite hills thy troubles bore;
Shand and McGregor, and the efforts made
By an unfailing help, the Ladies' Aid;
The wonder would be if thou didst not live,
A sweet reward to all thy nurses give.

All honor be to those that memories wake,
And nurture thee for dear auld Scotland's sake,
To bring unto love's vision youthful days,
When wandering o'er our native banks and braes,
To kindle in the soul true friendship's fire,
And every thought with charity inspire,
To help each other o'er life's troubled sea,
And make all kindred, as we ought to be.

The piper chanting out a lively tune
Till hair stands up on end, and very soon
The pulse beats high, and oft against the will
The now enchanted feet will not keep still,
Till spite of self or what staid people feel,
They dance a fling or have a good Scotch reel,
Some grand oration, or a comic tale,
A recitation or a song to hail.
Thy bard extolling with a flowing pen,
Makes young friends happy, old friends young again,
Extracting bliss from all of life that's sweet,
Feel ten times younger every time you meet.
God bless the dear Assembly, and God bless
The staunch promoters of such happiness.

When wisdom throws aside the barrier gates,
And Canada and the United States
Become betrothed, upon the scroll of fame,
Let bride and bridegroom take another name,
And two great continents be joined for aye,
Baptized and married as — Columbia.
That name from North to South, from East to West,
For Annexationists will prove the best;
Remove all controversy, and will aid
To make a union thousands wish were made.

So thou great giant of the Scottish race,
For thee, Chicago, is too small a place;
Extend your limits, and when next installed,
Columbia Scotch Assembly be thou called;
And may your branches with fruit laden down,
Spring up in every city, every town,
Till Scotland's bairns on this great continent
Shall all enjoy the sweets of your intent.

The Red Cross sends thee greeting, sister dear,
And in this great auspicious World's Fair Year,
We realize the honor when you send
An invitation as from friend to friend.

Such kindness wakes the indolence of our muse,
And makes it worse than madness to refuse
A welcome to your city, and to shake
The hands of all that such an interest take
In our enjoyment. While our bosoms yearn
To offer you some kindness in return,
Our dearest wishes lie in one short line:
That all your members would the Red Cross join.

We know that you have pleasure, know full well
You have amusement more than tongue can tell;
But in substantial benefits we feel
That we excel, and therefore now appeal
To your good judgment to provide for those
You leave behind when life's career shall close.
We prize our Order, and we love it so
That we invite you to the best we know;
Ourselves made happy, safe from many a care,
We would such noble friends our blessings share.
With thanks, your kindness we accept, and pray
Your great Assembly at no distant day,
Filling your own, and our hearts with delight,
Shall with the Red Cross Order all unite.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

MAJOR N. S. BOYNTON, SUPREME RECORD KEEPER.

HE is the best friend to his race
Who dries the tear from sorrow's face,
Strengthens the weak, relieves the poor,
And furnishes a ready cure
For every ill mankind can know,
In summer's heat or winter's snow.
Those blest with happiness and health
Are shown the safest way to wealth,
And for enjoyment furnished food
To feast the earth's vast multitude
With wisdom from choice fruitful trees
That benefit as well as please,
Attracting with the power of love
The soul to brighter things above.

When torturing care the thoughts assail,
Or sickness droops her trembling sail,
 When joybells cease as comforts wane
 And remedies increase the pain,
When darker clouds each day descend,
Then doubly precious is the friend
 Who strives unceasing to allay
 The fevered pulse by night and day,
Soothes piercing anguish with a balm
That makes the raging tempest calm.
 Fraternal love's magnetic power
 Cheers up the very darkest hour,
Relieves the body and the mind:
Oh blessed be the "ties that bind."

There comes to some the saddest fate,
That none can overestimate,
 When total disability
 Invokes the purest charity,
That death in life, whose chilling blast
Would test the warmest zeal to last.
 The journals of the lodge but show,
 That members are paid so and so,
But ah! between each treasured line,
We see a powerful hand divine
 Kindle each morn the sacred fires
 With patient love that never tires,
Filling the soul with hallowed peace
While making temporal joys increase.

When tottering age with feeble breath
Seems waiting anxiously for death,
 When limbs that would no duty shirk
 Have helpless bade adieu to work,
The seed from liberal sowing grows,
And blossoms sweetly as the rose.
 Friends gathered in a mystic ring
 Substantial bliss and comfort bring,
The wheat is winnowed from the chaff,
And frailty leans upon a staff
 That never yet has failed to bear
 The weight of every human care,
While blessings all so freely given
Prepare the soul to enter heaven.

When death shall ring life's curtain down
Insurance brokers wear a frown,
 Contest at law each valid claim
 Nor pay till forced to do the same!
But members of the Maccabees,
Disclaim all technicalities,
 Surround the family with aid
 While benefits are promptly paid.
Nor that alone,—beyond the grave,
Fraternity delights to save,
 With counsel and with right goodwill,
 The widow and the orphan still,
In memory of the member past,
Remaining guardians to the last.

If then such love as this is found,
Upon fraternal fallow ground,
 God bless the tillers of the soil,
 That pour on storms the peaceful oil,
Promote their interest, and devote
Their lives to man the gallant boat;
 And in the temple of their fame,
 Shall ever live one honored name;
Where memory consecrates her throne,
There N. S. Boynton shall be known,
 And myriads sing his praises o'er
 Till Maccabees shall be no more;
They make the laws that millions please,
But Boynton made the Maccabees.



EASTERN STAR BANQUET

OF FERN LEAF CHAPTER, JACKSON, MICH.

Address of Secretary Before Reading Minutes.

FERN leaves all flourish best in shade
Nor wish to have their charms displayed;
So would we modestly conceal
Some acts statistics will reveal,
For many rays of love are shed
That are not on our journals spread.

In one short year we little know
What we shall have of weal or woe;
The Eastern Star no more shall shine
To those who dwell in light divine;
For sisters that have passed away
Our tears a silent tribute pay.

The records of the year gone by
Are not one constant stream of joy,
The clouds of life spontaneous rise
But from our rays much sorrow flies,
And many just from what we are
Have cause to bless the Eastern Star.

One thing our minutes may not tell,
And one we cannot mention well,
But want makes all our pride succumb
And laborers should not be dumb;
When master builders come to cheer.
We want a good piano here.

There it is spoken past recall,
Now shall our project stand or fall?
We know that music will inspire
Our hearts to do what you desire,
And feel that every generous friend
Will help us to attain this end.

Unlike the singing of the birds
Our works speak better than our words,
That they are honest, good and true
We now submit for your review,
And trust they will our aim sustain
The Banner Chapter to remain.

EASTERN STAR BANQUET.

ADDRESS AFTER READING MINUTES.

THUS we submit the records of the year
With happy consciousness of duty done;
Although to mortal sight may not appear
The conquests we have fought, the victory won.

Oh bless the Eastern Star, whose mellow light
Is ever pointing to life's brightest goal:
That crowns us more than conquerors to-night,
Within the fadeless records of the soul.

And bless the rays that oh! so sweetly blend
To make the sorrows of mankind decrease;
Till Fern Leaf Chapter joins the sinner's Friend,
And brighter shines in God's eternal peace.

FERN LEAF CHAPTER.

ADDRESS TO MEMBERS.

NOW golden keys of love unbar
The Eastern Star,
Its constant rays of light shall cheer
What our great Architect holds dear.

Meek Adah, aye to duty true,
With ray of blue,
In loveliness of fragrant morn,
Or sweet moss rose without a thorn.

Ruth, as the golden orb of day
With yellow ray,
Whose sheaves of wheat and sunny joy
Like richest blessings multiply.

Pale Esther, as the soft moonlight
In silvery white,
Pure emblem of life's highest goal
Truth, honor, virtue in the soul.

Sweet Martha, robed as earth's fair queen
In charming green,
All nature knows the power to please
That decks the meadows, clothes the trees.

Electa, let thy blessings spread
 Their brightest red,
That which the Savior freely gave
From holy veins, mankind to save.

These blended colors sweetly shine
 With power divine,
And every generous heart persuade
To freely give substantial aid.

Let all who bow the knee in prayer
 And use the square,
Know that the Architect above
Requires cement for rocks of love.

From the foundation to the dome
 Of every home,
Where angles are most plumb and straight
Love is the builder's willing mate;

And every wisdom-loving man
 Doth all he can
To give his helpmate all that's due
To make both heart and temple true.

As in the shade your own fern leaf,
So you in grief
Arise in might. The task be ours
To water well such fragrant flowers.

The trowel shall not ring in vain,
Sweet music's strain
Shall soon assist your work to bless
And crown you all with happiness.

O glorious emblematic rays,
Receive our praise.
In acts of good forever grow
As Eastern Stars with love's bright glow.



THE GOAT.

I GAVE my name in, and was told
To hastily prepare
For things that made the blood run cold,
When witnessed anywhere.
My heart filled up with misery
And base balls filled my throat,
A thousand nightmares rode on me
Before I rode the goat.

The previous night while thinking o'er
The Welshman I should ride,
Quick hands had bound me to the floor
And all my threats defied.
A host of phantoms rose to view
That seemed in air to float,
And screeched "that boiling lead will do,
Now then bring in the goat."

They dipped me in the boiling lead,
Then stretched me out on ice,
While one great mogul smiling said—
"Now skin him quick and nice."
This done, they put me in salt brine,
Then placed me in a boat
To cross the equinoctial line,
Rowed by a frisky goat.

His goatship winked and squeezed my hand,
Then spilt me in the sea,
But when I reached McGinty's land
I struggled and got free.
The chain and spell at once were broke,
And to my aching head
I quickly raised my hand and woke
To find myself in bed.

The horror of that dream next day
Still filled me with affright,
Yet bravely finishing the play
I rode the goat that night,
But whether he was tired or weak
There was no chance to note,
Before I'd time to think or speak
We finished with the goat.

Then up came many a smiling friend,
Who grasped me by the hand
And made me quickly comprehend
Their aid I could command.
And now, while sailing down life's stream
My barque of fortune floats,
To gain such friendship and esteem
I'd ride ten thousand goats.

THE KICKER.

HE is easily discovered,
For he's present everywhere;
From the lowest haunt of evil
To the solemn house of prayer;
From the halls of legislation
To the humblest village school;
In the club room, in the council,
Finding fault with every rule,
Till his asinine orations
Burst like bubbles as they fall,
But the kicker in the lodge room
Is the toughest of them all.

Mean, disloyal, autocratic,
And omniscient in his way;
Problems we require to study,
He can fathom right away;
Tears in strips the constitution,
And blindfolded from it draws.
(Being blindfold's our advantage.)
One to guide all rules and laws.
He wants separate jurisdictions,
And with egotistic gall,
Hoodoo Jonah, rule or ruin,
He would like to govern all.

He can torture all his children,
He can terrify his wife,
Make his home a perfect bedlam,
And a breeding den of strife.
He can bust up schools and churches,
And no matter what he joins,
He will sow the seed of discord,
Check the bearing of the vines:
Planting thorns among the roses,
Stop the rolling of the ball;
Oh, the kicker in the lodge room
Is a nuisance to us all!

It is true he may be useful
In some way we cannot tell,
For if he should make an effort,
He would surely bust up—Well—
There's no saying what he cannot
Succeed breaking when he tries,
Every lodge he enters into,
If they heed him, weakens, dies.
Sound a requiem to his protests,
"Turn his picture to the wall,"
For the kicker in the lodge room
Should be bounced and trounced by all.

FINANCIERS.

FINANCIERS for their services,
Each month receive as pay
A blank, sometimes a double blank,
Just as the by-laws say.
But by-laws would be volumes large
If they would only tell
All that financiers do receive,
That do their duty well.

To keep the books, or send a note
For money that is due,
To go to lodge quite regular,
Be honest, good and true,
Be here and there and everywhere,
At morning, noon and night,
Is only pleasant pastime, and
Must give as much delight,

As when they hear such words as these:
"I've paid you that before."
"What, here again? Well, call again
Dear brother."—(horrid bore.)
"Why bless me, Brother So-and-so,
I am quite out of change,
Send my assessments on for me,
And next week I'll arrange."

“Well, really I can’t understand
Where all the money goes,
Or how in all the blanky blank
You always wear good clothes.
It’s good to be financier of
A thriving, prosperous lodge;
They all seem to have money, and
They’re up to every dodge.”

But why should we enumerate
The perquisites so great
That make these officers receive
More than we estimate.
It’s well known that financiers are
Just like a well stocked bank;
By-laws should mark their salaries
Blank blank, blank blank, blank blank.



SCOTLAND YET.

(ST. ANDREWS BANQUET.)

SCOTLAND yet! from o'er the ocean
Thy inspiring charms appear;
As thy children with devotion
Greet the good Saint Andrew here.
Oh, what blissful recreation,
Picture words can never paint;
Friends in one grand celebration
Honoring our patron saint.

Scotland yet! in all the glory
That can unto earth belong;
Whose bright annals grace history,
And enrich melodious song.
What though pens surcharged have blotted
Stains upon thy poet's name,
Robert Burns still shines unspotted
In the splendor of his fame.

Scotland yet! where'er we wander,
Or cast anchor from thy strand,
Happy memories make us fonder
Of our own, our native land.
And though many from thee sever,
Whose bright hope dispels regret,
Heart and voice cry out forever,
Scotland yet! Auld Scotland yet!

ACROSTICS.



There is "je ne sais quoi" in love,
O'er which our hearts have no control,

Melodious meetings of the soul
In vain that scienced men would solve,
Spontaneous rise, yet ne'er will be
Subservient to our decree.

A look, a glance, hath gained a heart,
Gained it unknowing and unknown;
Nor years, nor life, nor death could part,
Excelsior powers proclaimed them one,
So strange, so like, so false, so true.

Come as it will, come as it may,
Love moves in a mysterious way
Alike what fancy never knew,
Rendering the heart as potter's clay.
Know then, sweet maid, its secret—ours,
Solemnious explanation,
One that directs life's fleeting hours
Nor changes—ordination.

Tenderest treasure-trove,
Empress of parents' love,
Rosebud of beauty,
Exquisite divine.
Sweet as unsullied glee
In childhood's purity,
Tranquil felicity
Always be thine.

Music, true love and flowers,
Impressing higher powers,
Caressing fleeting hours,
Hopefully,—cheerfully
Excel in making thy
Life as one long fond kiss
Extracting happiness—
Nearer each day to bliss
And perfect joy.

MARRIED.

Live from doubts and anger free,
Illustrate true harmony.
Zephyr winds with angels' breath
Zealous guard you until death,
Immortelles of sunshine roam
Ever in your future home.

With parental blessings go
Into unseen weal or woe,
Let your every action prove
Life's best heritage is love.
If a cloud should ever rise,
And hard words need soft replies,
May the meekness you possess
Soon restore to happiness.
Often blest are those who live
Near the voice which says—forgive.

To each others' heart reveal
Only all you know and feel;

Come what may, if once possessed,
Have no secrets unconfessed;
As the seaman—careful steer;
Rocks concealed are most to fear.
Let your thoughts without alloy,
Enter into sacred joy;
Search the truths that God has given,

Seek and find the path to heaven.

Be fond lovers all your days,
Anchoring in virtue's ways,
'Xcelling in graces pure;
Till earth's happiness is sure.
Effulging when life shall cease,
Resting in eternal peace.

Thine beameth as a fond endearing face
Of bygone days, whose captivating grace

My heart has mirrored, till, familiar grown,
I think of thee as though thou wert mine own;
Some strange magnetic influential fire
Seems to create the features we desire,

Joins form to faith, as thoughts in fervent prayer
Embrace the soul, and leaves impressions there.
Strange thou art not, for in the silent night
Sweet dreams of thee have filled me with delight:
In morning solitude by fragrant mead
Each flower portrayed thee, by some power decreed,

Gave shape to loveliness they typed so well,

Left only charms for closer sight to tell:
All these are thine, and may bright happy days
Ne'er cease to bless thee, and the Savior's ways
Direct our intercourse with purest rays:
Improving as the flowers with sun and rain,
So may our friendship prove a mutual gain.

Every time this page you view,
Let memory bring to her throne
Loving friends whose thoughts for you
Are ever faithful as thine own.

Friends who in life's sunny vale

Perhaps you never more may see
Rejoice in thy dear company.
If their fond prayers can aught avail,
No harm shall ever thee assail
Could their wish make thy destiny,
Ella thy life will happy be.

Leave me your name, this book will tell
Each friend that I have loved so well,
Now in my life's dear early prime,
And may recall this Christmas time.

Buoyant and joyous
Enchanting each heart,
Light as a fairy,
Loquacious and smart.
Average beauty,

Honest the face,
Union of gladness,
Goodness and grace.
Happiest blessings,
Enduring all time,
Seal thy life's history
Sweetly sublime.

Might I alter your sweet little name
I would yet make it something more dear,
Not to add but reduce it one-third.
Now take "N" and then "I" from the same,
It will leave you my meaning quite clear,
Expressing a much better word.

May thy life be long and cheerful
As a northern summer's day;
Reveling in happy sunshine,
Yet where tempering breezes play.

All our life is but a journey
To a permanent abode;
Keep the end in view, dear Mary,
It will help you on the road.
Night shades give the stars their beauty,
Sorrow sanctifies all bliss;
Oh may thine but serve to bring thee
Nearer heaven and happiness.

EXCHANGING FLOWERS.

The garden of my heart contains
One precious little gem,

More prized than any that remains
In memory's diadem;
Sings to my soul continuously
Sweet praise—and sweeter thoughts of thee.

Gifts are the echoes of the mind—
Unwritten volumes—undefined;
Simply a flower in life's brief dream,
Secures forever our esteem.
In language nothing else imparts,
Exchanging flowers joins kindred hearts.

Oh, may such unity be ours,
Live flourishing in friendship's bowers,
Safe in bright hope's retreat;
Only to spend the blissful hours
Near to the Savior's feet.

Matchless beauty's richest dower
Yields to thy more potent power
Orient gems of brilliant light
Wilt before thine eyes more bright.
Never could a maid for me

Smile so sweet and charmingly
Warbling, fond enchanting voice,
Endless music of my choice.
Echo makes my every vein
Thrill with rapture at the strain.

Lovely form with fairy grace,
In thy sweet entrancing face
Nature all her wealth can trace;
Dearest heart to mortal given
All thy gifts are types of heaven.

Hope cheers the heart when other causes fail,
And makes a calm where else would be a gale.
No wealth can purchase half the joy it brings,
Nor sorrow steal its bright imaginings.
A priceless gem and yet to all how free,
Hopes realized in my fond hope for thee.

Maggie, if in some future year
A thought of these bright happy days
Gladdens thy heart with sunny rays
Gilding life's path as they appear,
In such fond scroll of love's pure fame,
Enroll as friend my humble name.

TO ———

THE DAY BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

May thy path be free from sorrow
As thy mind is free from guile.
Richly may the coming morrow
Yield for thee its brightest smile.

Be the one whom thou may'st cherish
Ever in thy bosom's core,
Loved, and until life will perish
Live thy fondest wishes o'er;

Not a cloud to mar thy pleasure,
Endless joys thy life enshrine,
And at death a richer treasure,
Love and peace, and heaven be thine.

Leave me your name, in future years,
In grief or joy, in smiles or tears,
Zealous I'll guard the gift, although
Zephyrs or stormy winds may blow,
In life's great book, and you will be
Endearing as the name I see.

BE EXHORTED.

MEMENTO REV. W. H. SMITH.

BE exhorted, be exhorted
In the holy fear of God;
To His throne approach, and tremble
At the sin-avenging rod.
Ah, vile hearts too oft delighted
Do we dwell on pleasures vain,
And forsake that happy dwelling
Where true bliss must ever reign.

Be exhorted, heed not riches,
Heed not penury's sad cry,
Jesus calls from heaven, Behold me!
Come and join me in the sky.
Lay your sensual hearts before Him
And repent each bygone crime;
Ask His pardon, ask His blessing,
Seek eternity in time.

Be exhorted, freely ask Him,
He will just as freely give,
From the fulness of His glory,
Bread enough to eat and live.
Without money, Heaven's treasure,
Without price, oh fond delight,
Boundless love beyond all measure,
Give to all, O God, to-night.

MEMENTO OF SERMONS

DELIVERED BY THE

REV. DR. JOHN GRAY,

OF KALAMAZOO, MICH.

MEETING.

TAKE a walk into God's garden
On this holy Christmas day,
And select from its rich treasures
A most beautiful bouquet.
See! the bright flowers are inviting,
With no frosts to mar their bloom;
Come, enjoy their lovely freshness,
And inhale their sweet perfume.

Here's the Lily of the Valley,
There is Sharon's dewy Rose;
Place them in the best position,
Their great beauty to disclose.
This small blossom, called Obedience,
Gives to other flowers a grace
That enhances all their value,
And not one can fill its place.

See! meek Charity is hiding,
Bashful as a timid bride;
These will make a pretty trio,
Hope and Faith upon each side.
Here, too, Meekness, Temperance, Patience,
Lovingkindness, Peace and Joy,
Mercy, Gentleness and Goodness,
All that love,—not gold,—can buy.

"Therefore, let us not sleep."—1ST THESS., 5:6.

WEATH the surface of the Ocean
There are currents swift, unseen,
Rolling in perpetual motion
As a rapid mountain stream;
And the Church is oftentimes moving
Like the currents of the deep,
When to casual observers
It may seem to be asleep.

But while this is true, 'tis also
True, that many sleep away
Precious moments that are flying,
And for which they hope and pray.
Slumber is not very distant—
Faith is tottering to a fall—
When the Church is not responsive
To God's earnest, anxious call.

Sleep gives no realization
Of the visions that we dream;
Oft our purest, holiest fancies
Vanish with the morning beam;
But let us be ever moving
As the currents of the deep,
Realizing every blessing,
And on duty never sleep.

"His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."—ST. JOHN, 2: 5.

THE fundamental principle
Of science is to know
The laws that govern earth and sea,
The heavens, and all below;
And though at times their edicts stern
May fill our minds with awe,
The surest way to freedom is
Obedience to the law.

Obedience makes the bondsman free
And cheers the heart bowed down;
It turns the water into wine,
It makes the cross a crown.
Behold the best example given,
The greatest victory won,
On Calvary, when Christ exclaimed:
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

He saith—Be sure 'tis He indeed
Directs ere we obey—
God gives us wisdom to discern
The pure and holy Way;
And faith still sees the Spirit dove,
And hears for souls diseased:
"Lo, this is my beloved Son
In whom I am well pleased."

By one great sin our parents fell;
Then let us watch and pray
For grace, to guard our weakest part,
Lest we should go astray.
And whatsoever that He saith,
The sacred precepts given,
Be ours the glorious part to do;
Obedience leads to Heaven.



"For the Lord God is a sun."—PSALMS 84: 11.

"THE Lord God is a sun"
To give us heat and light,
To cheer us on our pilgrimage
And make the dismal bright.
Without his glorious beams
Our race would soon be run;
But, blessed be his holy name,
"The Lord God is a sun."

"The Lord God is a sun"—
Yet if we choose to stay
In darkened cells of guilt and sin
We lose his powerful ray.
Still, still the welcome cry
To all who will is, "Come!"
Repentant tears are dew and rain—
"The Lord God is a sun."

"The Lord God is a sun"
That shineth every hour,
The source of everlasting love,
And all life-giving power.
O! may we all absorb
That love so easy won,
And feel with all significance,
Thou, Lord God, art a sun.

“The Son of Man came eating and drinking.”—MATTHEW 11:19.

EATING and drinking the Son of Man came—
Human in feeling, in nature, and name;
Hungry and thirsty, acquainted with grief,
Poor and despised—to bring sinners relief.

Eating to live; but they said in their scorn:
“Living to eat; He is gluttonous born.”
Mark His forbearance; wherever he trod,
Teaching in all things to glorify God.

Eating and drinking, Himself, wine and bread;
Gave us His own blood and body instead.
Savior, Redeemer, the cup drained by Thee
Opened the door of salvation for me.

"Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil."—MATTHEW, 15:22-28.

"**H**AVE mercy upon me, O Lord!"
The mother's prayer was heard,
Although at first the Savior stood
And answered not a word.
"Send her away," they Him besought;
"Why hear her call and weep?"
He, answering, said "I am not sent
But to Israel's lost sheep."

She worshiped while He pitied, yet
To test her faith He said:
"It is not meet to cast to dogs
Or waste the children's bread."
Mark her reply: "Truth, Lord," she cried
"Yet even dogs may eat
The crumbs, that from the table fall,
Around their master's feet."

Such faith the Christ cannot resist,
He grants the woman's prayer;
Nor lame, nor blind, nor dumb, nor maimed
Need ever more despair.
If to the heathen stranger He
Such loving kindness give,
The vilest sinner in the world
May come to him and live.

This woman knew she needed aid,
Let us just know the same;
Then cling to Him with faith as strong—
We shall not cling in vain.
At first the answer may not come;
Still plead we on, and say:
I will not leave thee till thou bless
And take my sins away.”

Pure thoughts and acts are more than words,
Yet each perform their part;
“We walk by faith and not by sight,”
God looks into the heart.
O Father, strengthen our weak faith
And make us come to thee,
Believing, knowing, at thy word
All evil spirits flee.



"For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."—1ST COR, 2: 11.

'TIS said that once an eastern prince
A curious gem possessed;
Whenever there was danger near,
A ring his finger pressed.
The ring's a myth, but we have all
A monitor more true—
A conscience that would safely guide
In everything we do.

Conscience plays a threefold part
In every human breast,
Discriminates 'tween right and wrong,
Impels to do the best,
And punishes or else rewards,
According to our ways;
It makes our pathway bright and clear,
Or leaves us in a maze.

Whene'er we sin and go astray,
By false delusions snared:
When self-denial loses power,
Our conscience is impaired.
To close our ears or shut our eyes
Prevents not sound or light—
We need the great physician's care
To make our conscience right.

For all the faculties we have
Were given to improve,
And he who gives provides the way,
In mercy and in love.
Oh hear His voice, to all who are
With conscious guilt oppressed:
"My yoke is easy, come to me
And I will give you rest."

We oftentimes wish, but wish in vain,
That we could but recall
Some evil hour in which we sinned,
Not heeding conscience call.
We can't prevent the evil done,
But we can think it o'er,
And bring it to the mercy seat,
Be cleansed and sin no more.

Then let us hear our conscience cry—
It never leads astray—
But brings us out of darkest night
To pure and perfect day.
It is a valued instrument,
Which holy angels kiss,
An inward voice to guide, to save
The soul for endless bliss.

"Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woolen and linen together."—DEUT., 22: 11.

SEEN with the might of gospel light
Old laws appear as new.
If law conceals, the light reveals
What sinners have to do.
The varied seeds of flowers and weeds
Together cannot thrive;
The plants grow strange, their natures change
And do not long survive.

'Tis well to dress in comeliness,
With woolen or with lint;
But not unite the wrong and right,
As good and bad intent.
Select the clean from the obscene,
The pure from the impure—
And separate all love from hate,
The clear from the obscure.

And when we wear the garments fair
That Christ will only know,
Make sin depart, and leave the heart
As spotless as the snow.
We may be least at Jesus feast,
But He remains the same,
And still requires the pure desires
Of all who bear his name.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."—PROV. 29: 18.

VISIONS, blessed visions, telling a glad story
Sent to cheer our souls, O God, from all despondency;
Beautiful their missions, shadowing thy glory,
Revealing joys for all who trust in thee.

Ever welcome vision! Jesus from the manger
Marching onward on his course to dark Gethsemane.
Full of intuition, warning him of danger—
That love he bore us would not let him flee.

Sad, but dearest vision! God, to scenes so dreary,
Sending his beloved Son to die so cruelly
For our sin's remission. Let us never weary
Looking at Jesus upon Calvary.

Bright and hopeful vision! Jesus now in Heaven,
Standing at the throne of God in love and majesty—
Making intercession that we may be forgiven,
And dwell with him in bliss eternally.

Savior, make our vision every morning clearer—
Looking through the golden gate of blest futurity;
And at death's transition—sweeter, nearer, dearer—
Bright shadows turn, a great reality.

"And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man!"—ST. JOHN, 19:5.

HRIST'S doctrine gets the blame
For every ill in life,
Although before the Savior came
Dwelt sin and strife.
Dark clouds were e'er the earth
When Bethlehem's tidings ran—
Come, worship at Messiah's birth—
"Behold the Man!"

The King of Kings is born,
While countless angels smile,
And all His life, from that blest morn,
Was free from guile.
Now, grown in strength and grace,
His mission well began,
The brightness of His Father's face:
"Behold the Man!"

The light of Heaven grows dim,
As howling rabbles cry:
"Away with him! Away with him!
To crucify!"
And Pilate's answer stands
An everlasting ban:
"I find no fault, I wash my hands.
Behold the man!"

Behold! while they deride,
Behold! His work complete;
Behold the blood stream from his side,
His hands, his feet.
Behold his dying breath,
Behold God's only plan
To save our guilty souls from death;
"Behold the Man!"



'God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.'—ST. JOHN, 4: 24.

NOT only on the mountain,
The valley or the plain,
God's sacred cleansing fountain
Springs everywhere the same;
It has no local limit,
But boundless, full and free,
At any hour or minute
It flows for you and me.

No matter what our nation,
Or how we speak or sing,
Each earnest supplication
Will its own answer bring,
If pure from all deceiving
We give to God our heart,
And ask of him, believing,
He will perform his part.

God is a Spirit holy,
And if we worship in
A spirit truthful, lowly,
Confessing all our sin,
He will bestow a blessing
And graciously supply
That Water, which possessing,
Secures eternal joy.

"For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."—I COR., 11:26.

A SOLEMN feast divine,
With hallowed bread and wine,
At Thy dear feet,
Grant me, Lord, and reveal
All thou would'st have me feel;
And with these symbols, seal
Thy love complete.

Now from my thoughts efface
All but thy pleading face,
Near thy last breath;
Do this for love of Thee?
Yea, Lord, 'tis love to me—
Thy dying agony,
Thy bitter death.

Softly! my beating heart,
No longer fear or start,
Tranquilly rest.
Jesus, Redeemer, mine—
Blest with such love as thine,
Here let my soul recline,
Safe on thy breast.

Heed not these blinding tears;
While thy loved form appears,
Blessing, they come.
Grateful thy cup I kiss,
Tasting life's greatest bliss,
Goal of all happiness,
Heaven, my home.

**"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—
ROMANS, 12:21.**

LET us grieve not the Spirit, but try
To resist all temptation. We should,
As peculiar people, rely
On our faith in the Savior's shed blood,
And then prove,
From his love,
We can overcome evil with good.

As the farmer enriching the soil
That he fallows and sows with pure seeds,
Is rewarded for all extra toil
By the grain leaving no room for weeds;
So the mind
Grows refined
As we overcome bad with good deeds.

We may often be tempted and tried
And deluded by some subtle snare,
But the glitter of evil avoid,
Though it promises ever so fair;
There is death
In the path,
And our only safe refuge is prayer.

Though our pathway and journey through life
 May seem harder than others have trod;
Though surrounded by trouble and strife,
 Let us bow to the chastening rod;
 Live in peace,
 And increase
In the nurture and knowledge of God.

While we love those who hate us, and give
 To our enemies blessings and food;
While we show, by example, we live
 In a light they have not understood;
 Let us pray
 That they may
Also overcome evil with good.



"Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood."—ACTS, 20: 28.

IF we feel saved ourselves, that feeling ought
To produce good
Toward the Church of God that He hath bought
"With his own blood."
Christ loves the Church, and loves that those therein
Should all be pure and separate from sin.

The Church is God's own people, called unto
A glorious task;
Obtaining freely grace and strength to do
All he will ask.
Thus, while we feed the hungry with good things,
Our souls are fed by the great King of Kings.

God knows that we must mingle with the world—
Christ did the same;
Yet when his sacred banners were unfurled
Salvation came.
We may not, cannot, give the love He gave—
But we can always show his power to save.

Our bodies are but caskets to enshrine
The soul on earth;
Yet they are temples of the power divine
That gave them birth.
And God's own temples emblems should display,
That Christ may love to enter there, and stay.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, 'Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten.'"—JEREMIAH 50:5.

SHALL we in sorrow live, ever repining?
Rich love is offered us, why stay we poor?
Come, let us bind ourselves to the Lord, joining
In a new covenant that shall endure.

How can we sing the songs of Zion, living
Still in the bondage of sin we conceal?
Turn and confess it all, God is forgiving,
And ever ready our pardon to seal.

We do not have the power to make him willing;
He, of his own accord, shows the way clear—
Points to the Savior, his promise fulfilling;
Though we are unstable, He is sincere.

We are taught to forgive, seventy times seven;
Jesus will not do less—He will do more;
While he is calling us to him in heaven,
Angels are waiting to open the door.

Come, then, and turn to him, fervently praying
For a new covenant, making us whole;
Answer the greatest of questions, by saying,
"Yes, it is well; it is well with my soul."

"And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel."—GENESIS,
35:1-6.

WE should be warriors—
Conquerors brave—
Wrestlers with God until
He bless and save.
Banish all sin and pride,
Cast idols all aside,
Trust in the love well tried
That Jesus gave.

There is a Bethel near
Where we can go,
Where lovely rivers of
Purity flow,
In their free crystal sheen
Lord, with a power unseen,
Make, thou, our raiment clean,
"Whiter than snow."

Then, with our garments changed,
Lead thou the way;
Be thou our constant guide
Lest we should stray.
Trembling, alone we stand,
Firm, when we hold thy hand,
Safely we reach the land,
Brighter than day.

No longer wanderers,
Straying alone;
Secure in Bethel now,
Evil days gone;
Basking in God's pure rays,
Here let us end our days,
Here let us ever praise
Jesus, our own.



"But new wine must be put into new bottles and both are preserved."—ST. LUKE, 5:38.

HRIST taught in parables, that we
Might better comprehend
Each thing's adaptability,
For its good use and end.
If we to fitness limit time and space
Then all but sin is right in proper place.

In fifty years, this world has made
A change so great and vast,
That little we see now displayed
Reminds us of the past;
And now the Church must prove its potent power,
And change its plans to suit the passing hour.

God leaves no room to deviate
From his unchanging laws;
"Thou shalt," decides at once the fate
Of all who own His cause;
But in this age, the Church requires much less
To educate, and more need to impress.

The rich have got much richer, and
The poor have poorer grown,
'Till now the church should take a hand
Of each, within its own,
And, in a way which Jesus understood,
Unite them in a nobler brotherhood.

The church should strenuously oppose
Attractions, oft abused,
That tend to make the young suppose
They come to be amused.
Where Christ delights to dwell upon this earth,
Is no fit place for levity or mirth.

The one great object, hope and aim
For which we live or die,
Should influence us all the same—
Our God, to glorify;
And let the homage of each grateful heart,
With praise of angels be a glorious part.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, 'Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'"
—ACTS, 24: 25.

FELIX trembles, for a mirror,
Held by Paul, reflects his heart;
It recalls his evil doings,
And the picture makes him start;
Now, the captive seems accuser
As he hears his listener say,
"Go thy way, and I will call thee,
At a more convenient day."

Oh! this sad procrastination,
Kills fair Hope, and fills its grave;
Ruins lives, and robs the Savior
Of the souls He died to save.
Felix should have had the courage,
Even though so far depraved,
To have cried out, "Help me! Tell me!
What must I do to be saved?"

Few may be so bad as Felix,
But there's none that can survey
Their own actions in a mirror
Without feeling some dismay.
At that moment, call on Jesus,
He will cleanse from every crime;
Don't defer such great salvation;
"Now is the accepted time."

"Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory."—JOHN 17:24.

WHEN we talk of others, what we say and feel
Will, to good observers, our own hearts reveal.
This great law of nature is well understood;
Evil speaks of evil—good delights in good.

Those who sweetly mention virtues in mankind,
Veiling little blunders, are, by God designed
To make others happy, and themselves to be
Joyful christian soldiers, near to victory.

Christ our God-man, leader, loved his fellow men,
And would frailties pity rather than condemn;
Even when they scoffed him, all his nature true
Prayed, Forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Now the cross is near him, but the crown is there,
And its holy beauty fills his soul with prayer
For his dear companions, pleading that they may
Live, and see his glory shine in endless day.

Prayer is weakness looking unto strength for aid,
And by its true feeling all our sins are weighed:
If our faith is stronger than the evil done,
God in mercy pardons, and the battle's won.

If we, like the Savior, pray that all our friends
May with us be living when earth's journey ends,
Then let us be certain we are on the road
Leading up to heaven, taking us to God.

"Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone."—EXODUS,
34: 29-30.

 O! from Sinai's mount returning,
Moses filled with heavenly grace—
Like a beacon brightly burning,
Lighting every dismal place,
With the beauty
Of God's glory on his face.

When with God we hold communion
We absorb his love divine,
'Till the ever blessed union
Makes the light within us shine,
Which, beholding,
Others with our praises join.

What a privilege, extending
Unto us such liberty;
God himself, so condescending,
Teaches us humility—
Best of graces,
Incense to the Deity.

As we rise in God's great favor,
In our self esteem we fall,
'Till we know, without a Savior,
We are lost and ruined all;
Then be lowly,
Well filled grain will not grow tall.

Yes, be humble—and like Moses,
Though the trembling people fear,
Wist not what our face discloses,
Know not how we may appear;
Feeling only
That our God is near and dear.



"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—ISAIAH, 55: 1.

HE king hath provided a palace of beauty,
For all that are wearied and anxious to rest;
Its windows are agates, its walls are carbuncles,
Foundation of sapphires, the brightest and best.

The tables are spread with selected refreshment,
Wine to exhilarate and milk to sustain,
And pure flowing waters, from purest of fountains,
From which if we drink, we will ne'er thirst again.

And now sends his messengers, cheerily calling,
To all that will hearken: "Come! drink, rest and eat;
The gates are wide open; no money is needed;
The passport is Thirst, and the waters are sweet;

The feast is inviting, and freely 'tis offered;
O! come then, rejoicing, and freely receive;
The Master will clothe you in proper apparel,
You need nothing more than to thirst and believe.

O God, in thy greatness, how tender, how mindful,
How loving, how gentle, how good and how free;
Not only inviting, persuading, entreating
Such sinners, to sit at the table with thee.

Whenever we think of thy majestic glory
Our souls fill with awe, and we tremble, dismayed,
Till hearing the sweet voice of Jesus, exclaiming
“Behold! I am here with you; be not afraid!”

Kind comforting words of a great Mediator;
When led by thy hand, we have nothing to fear;
With thy lovely presence, and blessed forgiveness,
Our courage returns as our sins disappear.

Lord, here we present thee our bodies forever,
And “come” at the call of the spirit and bride;
Then evermore give us that wonderful water
That flows so abundant and free, from thy side.



“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.”—1 CORINTHIANS, 15: 58.

OD'S loving kindness has no end,
He is our best, our dearest friend
From infancy to age;
By him, when newly born, we share,
Our parent's tender love and care,
A holy heritage.

And as we grow from year to year,
Our love and gratitude appear
Like early flowers in bloom.
Love is the purest joy on earth,
It consecrates all christian worth—
True love is God's perfume.

And love makes labor happiness;
God worked six days for love—to bless
The creatures he then made.
The laborer is worth his hire,
And we should all with praise, aspire
To see God's wages paid.

'Tis wisdom to have understood
Established laws for our own good,
And then those laws obey;
Some steady motive to induce
Our brain, our muscle, to produce
A little every day.

According to good rules for health,
We labor not alone for wealth,
 But that we may obtain
Enjoyment, hope, and daily bread,
A place to rest the wearied head,
 And not to work in vain.

God's blessings everywhere abound,
But must be sought ere they are found;
 First ask, and then receive.
Work while 'tis day, the night draws near
In which we cannot labor here,
 Nor ill-spent time retrieve.

If for this world 'tis worth our while
To labor hard, how should we toil
 And struggle to attain
That happy spirit land above,
Since well we know that God's great love
 Lets no one work in vain.

Oh! let us then be steadfast, true,
In all he gives us here to do,
 And merit the reward.
This hope before us, cheers the way;
We work to live in perfect day,
 Forever with the Lord.

**"The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting desired him that he would shew them a sign from heaven."—
MATTHEW, 16: 1.**

THEY ask from heaven a sign
To prove our Lord divine,
But Jesus knew their object and refused;
If he would bow to all,
Who thus deceitful call,
How soon his sovereign power would be abused.

God's blessings some near lose,
Because his ways confuse
The preconceived ideas of their own;
They think they know the best,
How to be saved and blest,
And thus would steal the glory from God's throne.

Like Naaman, when he came
To test Elisha's fame,
Was told "to wash seven times in Jordan's stream;"
He could not understand
How such a plain command
Could ever heal disease and make him clean.

So raged—till servants plead,
And urge the leper's need
Of trying such a very simple cure;
“If it were something great
Thou wouldst not hesitate.”
Their words prevailed—he dipped and was made pure.

The problem solved is this,
To gain eternal bliss,
Or anything we want on earth, from heaven—
That while God doth provide,
We must get rid of pride,
And humbly take the path that he has given.

Let us, while mercies last,
Like saved ones of the past,
The present, or the future—fall in line
To God's own terms, and pray
For blessings every day.
Christ died for us. We need no better sign.

"The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."—PSALMS, 126:3.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

"THE Lord hath done great things for us"
In bitter days gone by,
When holy martyrs gave their lives
Their faith to testify.
The love our fathers sowed in tears
We reap, to-day, in joy.

Two hundred years ago our sires
Were tortured everywhere,
Because they would not let King James
Their sacred rites prepare;
Because they offered up to heaven
A conscientious prayer.

For this, the noblest, calmest mind
With indignation thrills,
And all our christianity,
With holy horror fills,
To think for this, their precious blood
Should stain our heather hills.

But God was ever near their side,
In every secret den;
In pass or covert,—bush or barn;
In mountain or in glen;
And unto every prayer they gave
The angels cried, Amen!

Till God in his own season said
 “Amen; so let it be!”
And now to-day, we are on earth
 The freest of the free,
Since we enjoy that priceless boon,
 Religious liberty!

Then let us use that freedom well,
 And in these brighter days
Remember those who bled and died
 On Scotia’s banks and braes;
That we in our own way might give
 To God our prayers and praise.

And also think of Him who died—
 The Prince, and “King of kings”—
Whose blameless life, whose glorious death,
 A better freedom brings;
Who, pleading now at God’s right hand,
 Still does for us great things.

"Man shall not live by bread alone."—MATTHEW, 4:4.

CHRIST all the pangs of hunger bore
When Satan tempting said,
"If thou hast power, why suffer more?
Turn all these stones to bread!"
Then came the answer, now well known,
"Man shall not live by bread alone."

O precious text, what comfort here
The Savior doth unfold,
That God's pure words are far more dear
Than bread, or wine, or gold;
That God's great laws have plainly shown,
"Man shall not live by bread alone."

Bread cannot change an evil course,
Nor hush the "still small voice;"
Nor calm the tempest of remorse,
To make the heart rejoice.
Like him who makes our grief his own—
We dare not "live by bread alone."

Bread will not help us to control
A tendency to sin;
It does not feed the hungry soul
When good desires begin;
It cannot bring us near God's throne—
We must not "live by bread alone."

They live the best who give the most
Obedience to God's laws;
Who make our Savior all their boast
And hunger in his cause;
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
He would not "live by bread alone."

Then let us also cast aside
The tempter's every snare;
God will not let us e'er be tried
With more than we can bear.
His grace has Satan's power o'erthrown—
We do not "live by bread alone."

"The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."—
ISAIAH, 60: 19.

GOD'S ancient people learned,
By symbols and by signs,
Which sometimes brought idolatry
Within their sacred lines.
Their idols, feasts and fasts
Their whole attention caught,
As little children often are
By object lessons taught.

Thus God spake words to teach,
Well suited to their way,
"The moon shall light no more by night,
Nor yet the sun by day;
The Lord shall be thy light,
Thy captives shall be free;
Thy walls, salvation; praise, thy gates,
And God thy glory be."

They understood the sign
Of having no more night,
But when our blessed Savior came
They would not see the Light.
The shadows still were prized,
The substance cast aside;
The Savior's great simplicity
Was humbling to their pride.

Some think God far away,
And only can be reached
By ceremonial rites and priests
And puzzling doctrines preached;
But He is always near,
And teaches every one
That we can go direct to him
Through his illustrious son.

Christ is our sun by day—
He is our moon by night—
Our great high priest, our sovereign lord,
Our everlasting light;
Our brother and our friend,
Our shepherd and our guide;
O Savior and Redeemer, keep
Us ever by thy side.



"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."—MATTHEW, 6:6.

ALONE with God; at dawn of day,
He kindly teaches us to pray
For guidance in the narrow way
That leads to heaven above.
Alone with God; at busy noon,
The passing moments fly too soon,
But oh! they are a valued boon,
Those precious crumbs of love.

Alone with God; at silent eve,
His promised blessings to receive;
Such bliss the world cannot conceive,
Nor give, nor take away.
Alone with God; in silent night,
The darkness aids the soul's keen sight
To find in Him a better light
Than sunshine in the day.

Alone with God; at midnight hour
While sinful unbelievers cower,
The Christian contemplates the power
 That triumphs o'er the grave.
Alone with God; at any time,
At any place, his glories shine
And fill us with a joy divine
 That helps the soul to save.

Alone with God; no matter where,
He hears our penitential prayer,
And lifts us out of every snare
 To priceless liberty.
Alone with God; on land or sea,
At home, abroad; the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, can always be
 Alone, O God! with thee.

Alone with God; the boldest fear
To falsely speak in His pure ear;
Just as we are we then appear
 Before His searching eye.
Alone with God; there, face to face,
We best reveal and find His grace—
Not shouting in the market place
 With wild fanatic cry.

Alone with God; there all to gain—
Our thoughts unuttered are as plain
As when we ask in loudest strain

His blessings to increase.

Alone with God; a quiet psalm,
Or gentle tears of holy balm,
Like oil that stormy waters calm,
Will give the suppliant peace.

Alone with God; instructions sweet;
He teaches us to love to meet
At church and school at Jesus' feet,
To help us o'er life's road.

Alone with Him, we learn to do
Just as we would be done unto,
And all who that good rule pursue
Have been alone with God.



"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."—MATTHEW, 6: 12.

"**F**ORGIVE as we forgive"—O! let us pause
To think of what forgiveness we have shown;
And when we pray, remember that small clause,
For God to gauge his pardon by our own.

"As we forgive." How very many say
To some repentant one, "Yes, I forgive,
But never shall forget you went astray,
Henceforth we can no more together live."

Or some will hesitate;—they do not know;
Will see—will think it over; "you're to blame;
'Tis very hard for you to treat me so,
I do not think that I can be the same."

And thus we might, in many ways, disclose
Forgiveness on a selfish human plan;
But God forbid that any one of those
Should be the kind that He designed for man.

Forgiveness such as Jesus consecrates;
Forgiveness such as we wish to obtain—
Our Savior plainly shows, where He relates
The Prodigal's great welcome home again.

Our reconciliation with our friends
Should be of such a character as this—
Full, free, forgiving love that never ends,
But daily adds some new found happiness.

True charity forgets the sinful past.
The battle o'er, we crown the victor's brow;
The spring remembers not the winter's blast,
Thinks not of what has been but what is now.

They are the victors who forgive the best,
No matter what may be the cause of strife;
The Savior's signature and words attest
Those who forgive obtain eternal life.

The trials we encounter day by day
Are only tests, our faithfulness to prove.
"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way;"
Forgiveness is that gate, the way is Love,

Which angels guard, rejoicing at the toll:
Repentance, Faith, Hope, Charity and Prayer;
And when we can forgive with all our soul
The gate will open, and we enter there;

And safely through, all sin is left behind.
Then is "our calling and election sure;"
No bitter memories of words unkind,
Our joy for earth complete, and heaven secure.

O let us then that sacred grace impart,
In fullness such as we desire from heaven;
No half-way measure, but with our whole heart,
"Forgive as we would like to be forgiven."

PARTING.

YOU have now your bouquet finished,
But as yet we have not seen
Many of the marvelous beauties
That surround this lovely scene;
Here are mountains of true pleasure,
There are rivers of delight,
Streets of gold and walls of jasper,
Gates of pearl and jewels bright.

And away beyond that river
There still greater wonders dwell
Than have yet been seen by mortal,
Or that living tongue can tell;
Still, we get a slight conception
Of the glories that abound,
For the halo of their splendor
Lights the garden allaround.

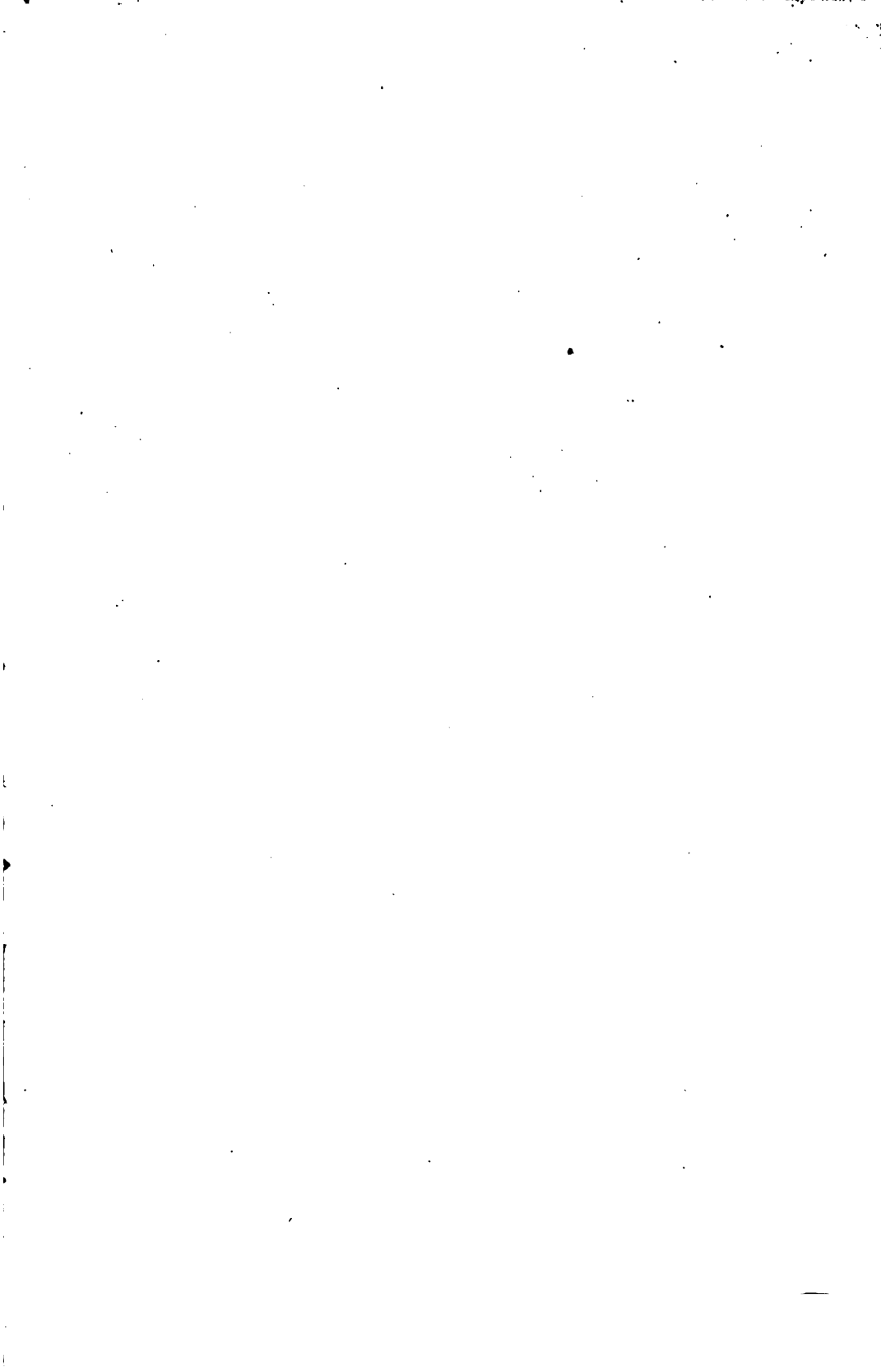
I do hope you'll like the flowers
That you've gathered by the way,
As we've wandered in God's garden
On this holy Christmas day,
And will often feel their fragrance
Creeping o'er you as a spell,
'Till we meet beyond the river
Where the greater wonders dwell.

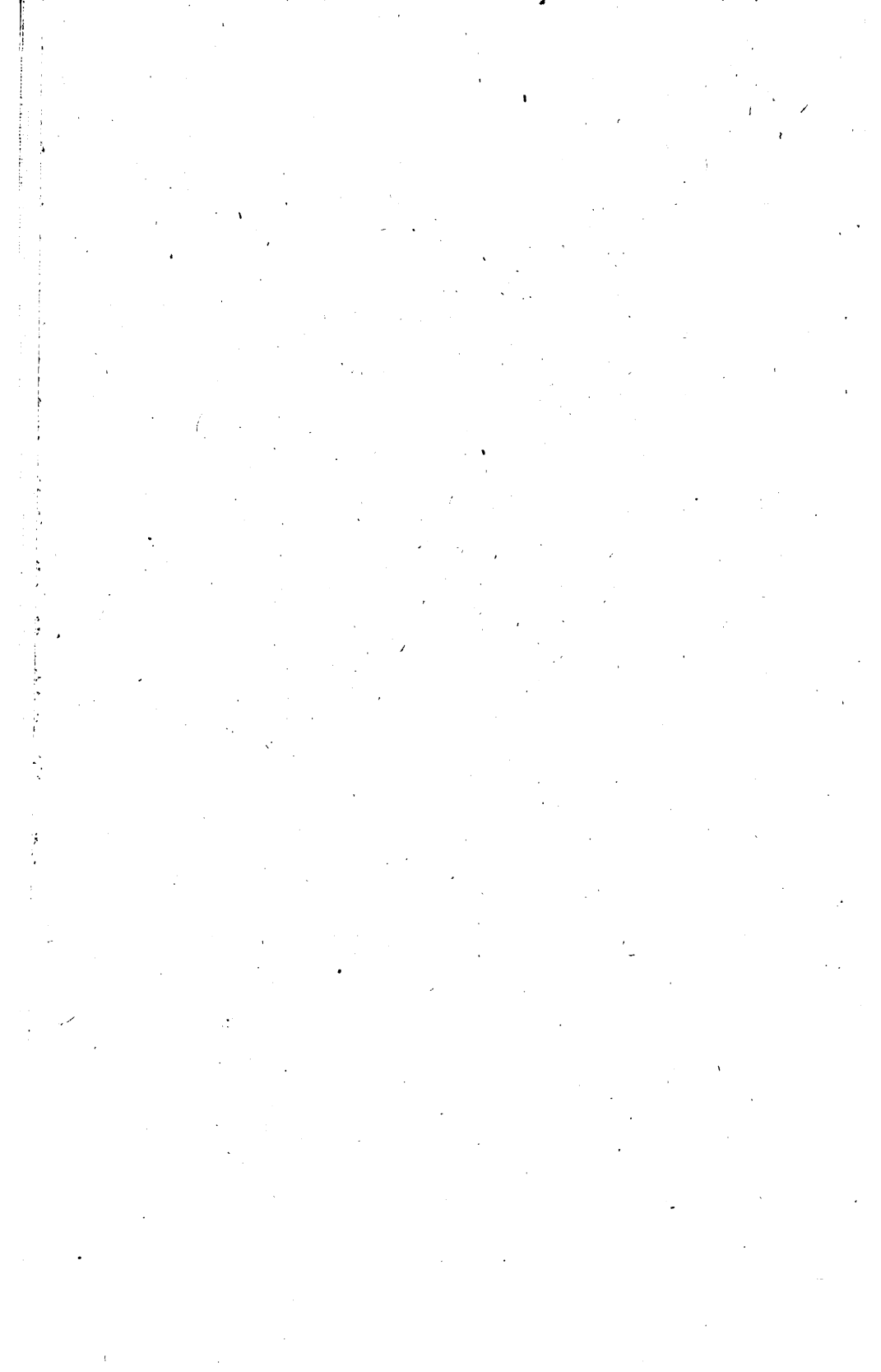
AU REVOIR.

Oh wondrous gift of poesy,
That as a gentle aura
From the inner realm
Falls like a benediction
On the hearts of men.

Old Friend, may this thy volume done
Prelude a life work well begun,
And all who view its pages o'er
Find that which makes desire for more
Breathe fondly, sweetly, *Au revoir*.

—*Robert Matheson.*





REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

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